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—2— 810 Payne (N.) Morning Ramble, or the Town Humours, a Comedy
acted at the Duke's Theatre . 1673

* * * The compilers of the Biographia Dramatica were unable to
refer to a copy of this play with the present title. *Seetholby, May 21, 1857.*

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THE
Morning Ramble,
OR, THE
TOWN-HUMOURS:
A
COMEDY.

Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White*
Lyon, next *Chancery-Lane* end in *Fleet-*
street. 1673.

149,452

May, 1873

PROLOGUE.

CRiticks, now boast your power, for you have made
A Tragick muse run mad in masquerade.
All Poets before him the Laws did slight
Of such as only rail'd, but could not write.
But he submits so far, that you will swear
His first was writ in blood, but this i'th' Air.
'Twas nine day's work: but truly there might be
As good a Play just spoke Ex tempore.
For Whip and Spur, 'tis A-la-mode de France;
A thing made up of Fiddle, Song, and Dance.
All three your dear Delights, no matter then
Whether of sence there be one line in ten:
This Age is not for tha', 'tis much too wise,
VVhat Poets teach, you dull moralities;
That was their business in that humble Age,
VVhen Hedges were their Scenes, and Fields their Stage,
VVhen the poor simple VVorld strove to be good;
Thank time, things now are better understood.
But yet he could not leave, you'll see him now
Have a slight pass or two at some of you;
He thinks there's Bullys dare not fight, i'th' Pit
As well as Criticks, that he's sure want wit.
One may be both ——— They that make most ado,
Do oftneft want both wit and courage too.
But fear no common place, nor sober saws,
By some late Plays he partly knows your Laws.
At a quaint Dance, or a Grimace that takes,
The Theatre with loud applauses shakes.
But if true thought be with good Language drest,
You slightly cry, 'twas well enough exprest.
Then as you've us'd some Plays, so do by this, }
Clap but that part which wild and senseless is, }
And for what's wise we give you leave to hiss. }

The Actors Names.

Townlove.	Mr. Betterton.
Merry.	Mr. Harris.
Ruffle.	Mr. Smith.
Muchland.	Mr. Medbourn.
Rafh.	Mr. Crosby.
Fullam.	Mr. Underhill.
Breef.	Mr. Norris.
Constable.	
Drawer.	
Officers.	
Souldiers <i>and</i> Watchmen.	


Honour Muchland.	Mrs. Johnson.
Betty Rafh.	Mrs. Long.
Rose.	Mrs. Shadwell.
Lady Turnup.	Mrs. Osborn.
Two Maid-Servants.	
Three Vizard-Masks.	

THE

THE
Morning Ramble.

The First Act.

Enter Townlove and Merry, with Fiddles and Torches.

Mer.  O drawing back, *Townlove*, I'm engag'd, and am resolv'd to make a Night on't.

Townl. Prethee, *will Merry*, let's part; thou know'st I never use that word to thee but when I have extraordinary bus'ness.

Mer. Bus'ness! what bus'ness canst thou have? I'll warrant you you're to be up betimes it'h Morning to sell a parcel of fat Sheep or Oxen, new come from your Estate in the Countrey, or else to instruct Counsel in a Cause of yours depending I know not where. Bus'ness, quoth a, that ever a well-bred Gentleman should suffer the word to come into his Mouth.

Townl. I tell thee, *will*, I have bus'ness, serious bus'ness, and bus'ness fit for a Gentleman; let that satisfy you: and so farewell.

Mer. Stay, Stay, this shan't do, *Townlove*, I smell you out; You fear I'll carry you to some lewd House now that abounds in *Burgundy*, and there top up with 'tother half dozen Bottles; then the dreadful Head-ake comes and keeps you in two dayes to be the disappointment of Lord knows how many she-friends.

Townl. And do you think such fears are not very reasonable? A Man indeed hath so much time allow'd him in this World, that he should neglect the Living two dayes for the delight of two hours: Prethee think, would any Man of sense part with his time at that rate?

B

Mer. Faith,

Mer. Faith, *Townlove*, thou art mad, distracted, gone, and I'm afraid, beyond recovery ; thou can'st not consider things I see.

Townl. If want of consideration be a sign of madness, *will*, thou hast been a little craz'd ever since I knew thee. But prethee, what han't I consider'd in this matter ?

Mer. Living, *Townlove*, Living : thou hast not so much as consider'd what bus'ness thou was sent into the World about — Tis Living, Man.

Town. Why, I know 'tis Living, and therefore I strive to Live as much of the time I have allow'd me as I can.

Mer. Thou Live, and yet speak against Drinking, the very thing that distinguishes the Life of Man from that of a Beast ! Why, 'tis the onely Spur of Wit and Reason ; I have heard more new thoughts in Drinking three hours, then the best Modern Play can furnish you with ; Therefore if thou would'st Live, that is, truly enjoy thy self, Drink, I say, Drink.

Town. Well, I can neither stay to do it, nor talk of it now ; and therefore good by.

Mer. Nay, faith, thou shalt stay till I give a serenade to my Mistress now, I am under the Window ; strike up, Boyes.

Town. Hold ; sure *will*, thou'rt mad — Dost not know her Brother is a serious Gentleman, and not us'd to City frolicks ; 'tis the only way to lose her for ever.

Mer. Why, this 'tis, not to understand Drinking, it makes one as dull and thoughtless as a Countrey Curate, that lives upon six pounds, and a cast Cassock two and fifty Sundayes ; dost thou think I would Marry her, if I did not intend to reclaim both her and her Brother from dull sobriety.

Town. Why, thou wouldest not have thy Wife Drink, woud'st thou ?

Mer. No, but I would have her be as mad, and love those that do, Women are fine thin things, the breath of a Man that is merry is sufficient to inspire them with wit enough for a Woman, and therefore here I declare that I will serenade her, and if she shews the least dislike to the frolick, I will, in spite of Love and all his little tricks, disclaim her for ever. And therefore, Boyes, to our bus'ness ; come, the Song I made.

Town. Well,

Town. Well, I'll stay to see thee a poor discarded, melancholy, disconsolate Lover, and then I'll leave thee, and go to my Mistress.

Song.

From Friends just inspir'd with brisk Burgundy wine,
 Speaking raptures of Reason, and sayings Divine.
 I come — I come — from this Heav'n I come,
 And through dirt and darkness I willingly roam,
 To follow a Boy that confesses he's blind,
 He tells me of hope, but leads me through fear,
 Nay, sometimes I'm just on the brink of despair;
 Yet on I follow, I follow still, leaving behind
 The two mightry Blessings, my Bottle and Friend.
 He tells me of Bliss,
 Beyond this,

Yet will not declare where my Journey shall end.

Chorus. Ah, what Charms have those Eyes!

That a Love so strong can inspire,
 It Mirth, wit, and Friendship desies,
 And wine cannot slacken its fire.

Then spite of my self I must follow him still,
 A Devil, or a God, let him be which he will,
 I cannot, nay, would not retire,
 No, though I were sure to be burnt in the fire.

Rose appears in a Night-Gown above.

Rose. For Heav'n's sake, Mr. Merry, be gone; my Mistress knows who you are, but should her Brother do so, we should be sent into the Countrey immediately.

Mer. *Rose,* I tell thee, *Rose,* I would follow with this noise of Fiddles at my heels, and drive him back to Town, or never let him sleep but in shelter of as many Night-Caps as *Morse* in the Silent Woman hath.

Rose. I am very serious, Sir, my Lady begs you to be gone before you wake her Brother.

Mer. Come, *Rose,* confess, confess; I know thou art acquainted with a touch of thy Mistress's secrets: Tell me, is there no other

fear but of being sent into the Countrey?

Honour, Muchland *appears*.

Hon. Oh, yes, no doubt on't, the Mistress is highly concern'd for fear of losing the hopes of so sober a Husband.

Mer. Marry, and I thought so. —

Hon. One, that if a Body has occasion for at night may be heard of either in a Tavern, French-house, Constables hands, or the Counter.

Mer. Well; and is not that better then to be troubl'd with a formal fopp of bus'ness, who lodges his wife in the Countrey, to prescribe for the Agne, then scratches his empty Noddle, cryes, I protest I must post to *London*, I shall be undone else; there staves a whole Term a doing nothing, or what is as bad, that which comes at last to nothing.

Town! And thinks he performs his Duty very well to his Wife, if he gives her a bout every post with a long formal Letter of Excuses for not coming.

Mer. VVhich must beget another on her full of Complaints, for his absence.

Town. Then when he returns in the Spirit of Beef and Ale, *will*, it may beget a Male Child.

Mer. Which proves like the Ingredients 'tis Compounded of, a fit Companion for Clowns, and of no use but to have his Name inserted in long Indentures, Tripartite for Intaling, specially that Earth that is near as sensible as it's Clod-pate owner.

Town. The drawing of this deed too is a new excuse for coming to *London*, and seeing, as the learned have it, his Uncle.

Mer. So, that in fine your man of bus'ness loves to be thought to love bus'ness, Courts bus'ness, lyes with bus'ness, and begets nothing but business, or things as dull as business; and, Lady, will you slight a Man that loves VVit, Mirth, and *Burgundy*, for this Animal, non-rationale.

Hon. I pray, Sir, where's the necessity for marrying either, do you think there is none but such as cannot stay at home for their bus'ness, or will not for their VVine and Wenches?

Town. Lady,

Town. Lady, have a care; that is my Province: Wenches! if you speak irreverently of Wenches I am bound to stand up for them, and shall soon be provok'd to say, that if my friend here, and some few others like him, could but relish the pleasure of Wenching, you, and all the ill-bred honest Women in the Town might sleep quietly, or waking, gnaw your Sheets without the help of a Song and Fiddle at your windows. Wenching, quoth a.

Hon. Well, Mr. *Merry*, I see you, for your Wine, and your Friend for Wenches, are so well met, 'twould be pity to part you, and I am resolv'd not to be so cruel; therefore assuring you I am not in hast for a Husband, but can stay till a soberer grow; if there be none yet ripe, I leave you to your further Adventures.

[*Exiturus Honour and Rose.*]

Mer. Faith, no parting so. Strike up, and sing the *Chorus*.

Chor. Ah, what Charms have those Eyes, &c.

Hon. Pray hold, my Brothers coming.

Mer. I am glad of it, since I cannot reclaim the Sister from doting on Sobriety. I'll see what can be done on the Brother; go on.

Sings.

Then spight of my self, &c.

Enter Mr. Muchland above.

Much. Ah, Mr. *Merry*, you're upon the Ramble, I see; what time of Night is it?

Mer. About two, and fair Weather; who would lye spending this pleasant time in a lazy Bed, and then rise to fry all day in the Sun?

Much. Why, did not Nature intend the Night for Rest, seeming to draw Curtains about us, and the Day for Action, displaying the great producer of it, Light.

Mer. This Philosophy may serve well enough for one not in Love, but 'faith my Body is too combustible to endure two fires at once; Love, and the Sun: and therefore I drink at Night to slacken that within, and sleep in the Day to avoid that without.

Much. I see you would seem a Philosopher too, to justify the drinking as caus'd by your Love, but my Sister will scarce believe you in that.

Hon. Yes,

Hon. Yes, Brother, but I will ; for I do believe 'tis Love ; Love of drinking, I mean, that causes the fire within he complains of, and so he drinks on to quench it.

Much. Well, Gentlemen, the street may prove scandalous : *Rose*, go, let 'em in. [*Exit Rose.*]

Hon. Scandalous ! if you mean to them, 'tis impossible ; for they're as well known in the street as the Bell-man, and as duly expected by the Neighbour-hood to their Lodgings punctually to come home at break of day.

Mer. You say right, Madam ; the Smiths, Shoo-makers, Pewterers, and Sadlers in our street have no measure to call up their Prentices by, but the noise of my Fiddles playing me to my Lodging.

Town. He tells you true, Madam ; for they heard once he was going to remove, and in great fright call'd a Vestry the next Lord's Day, where it was propos'd to make a Collection amongst them to pay for his Lodging, on Condition he would stay.

Mer. Yes, faith, and a solemn present of saffron Cakes and Sack given to *Townlove*, to move me to it.

Enter Rose below.

Rose. Come, Gallants, you may enter ; but Mr. *Muchland* is not of my mind, to suffer it.

Mer. Prethee why, *Rose* ; I know thou art not so cruel, but thou could'st find in thy heart sometimes to let in a Friend later than this.

Rose. Sir, it must be with greater expectation of a sober demeanour when they come in, then I could hope from you now.

Mer. *Townlove*, *Rose* is a Person I much rely on, therefore prethee mannage the controversie begun with her, whilst I go and excuse my self to her Mistress. [*Ex. all but Rose and Townlove.*]

Rose. No, Sir, Arguments are in vain to me, I'm so possess'd that Love and Wine are inconsistent together, that I think I could dy rather then recant my Opinion.

Town. And, *Rose*, it may be in doing so, would'st be as solid a Martyr as many of thy Sex, who have, as they say, witnessed with their Death, truths they no wayes understood, nor indeed lay half so obvious to their Reason.

Rose. Well,

Rose. Well, Sir, will you please to come in ; the noise that these Fiddles keep will allure more of you wandring Knights to enter, except the Door be shut.

Town. No, *Rose*, thou and I will stand and guard the passage to this Incharnted Castle, where vil'd Matrimonical Love is pursu'd in these dayes of clearer light.

Rose. Why then, Sir, you dare not enter into any House, it seems, that is desil'd with Honesty ; if those be your principles, you and I are not proper Sentinels for one place, being Souldiers of two opposite parties.

Town. Why, *Rose*, are you for no Love that is not bound by the spell of, To have and to hold, and the little Magick Circle of Gold, that Fools say, makes one of two Persons as inconsistent, and different in their Natures, as the Stars that govern 'em ; and as far asunder in their inclinations, as they are from one another in place.

Rose. Truly, Sir, I am altogether for being particular in Love, or for not being in Love at all, though I confess 'tis no gear matter, I think, for any other tye than mutual consent.

Town. Divine *Rose* ! if thou art not now, or hast not been particular, as thou call'st it, already, then this free humour I'm afraid will make me thine in spight of all resistance, and therefore dear *Rose*, admit of a Treaty, in order to a stricter League.

Rose. Which will begin on your part with a breach of Articles concerning some former commerce, that Amity is like to continue long, whose first Foundation is broken Faith.

Town. No doubts, *Rose*, but must be explain'd on both sides, to prevent future mistakes, I must know whether I am the first discoverer of your Territories, that I may the better rate the curiosity, you shall know the true cause of my leaving my former Traffick, and seeking out new Countries.

Rose. Well, Sir, I am not so fond of the Alliance, as to spend time in the Treaty ; and so farewell, if you will not come in.

Town. Come in, sayst thou ! I am so taken with thy humour, that I would follow thee, though it was to Church. [Exit.]

The Scene changes into the House, where is Merry, Much-land, his Sister Honour, and the Fiddles.

Much. Well, I'll go and dress my self, and then Ramble with you. [*Exit.*

Mer. Do so; this Brother of yours, Madam, is a very honest Gentleman, and I have greater hopes of him then I have of you.

Hon. Indeed, Sir, you have a great deal of Reason.

Mer. Why, good Madam, can you shew a just exception against my manner of Living?

Hon. Yes, indeed, Sir, a thousand, if it concern'd me, but I shall not need to take pains in particulars about a thing so remote.

Mer. Madam, I must tell you, there is more thanks due to me for this Visit, then you seem to bestow by your cold indifferency.

Hon. Thanks for breaking my sleep!

Mer. For breaking your sleep, say you; marry, I hope to have your thanks for doing it before I dye, notwithstanding your seeming sober dislikes of it now.

Enter Townlove.

Hon. For hope, 'tis an Estate entail'd upon Lovers and Fools. There is no dispossessing them of it, and though I cannot certainly define by which of the Titles you hold, yet this for your comfort I can tell you, Fiddles, and crying Fire are much the same to me about two in the morning, and were I marry'd, I cannot certainly tell which I should sooner wish my Husband should waken me with.

Town. Faith, Madam, let your Servant wake you with Fiddles, and your Husband with Fire; the first provokes Dancing, the Emblem of Love, that never lets a man rest, and the other is hot, and therefore requires a ——— Cooler.

Mer. *Townlove*, I thank thee for that ——— 'tis the first time I e're heard thee speak for sitting up late; sure thou hast been drinking since I left thee without, thou art so thoughtful, nothing but Wine would have made thee arrived to the tenth part of this good Nature.

Town. No, truly, Sir, I have been loving, and loving a great deal for so little time.

Mer. The

Mer. The fire of thy Love is like that of Gun-powder, flash, noise, smoak, and Exit. Mine is kindled in heart of Oak, where 'tis lasting and useful.

Hon. And which to preserve the Block the longer, you quench every Night by drenching it in Liquor, and then with a great deal of puffing and blowing you kindle it again by Noon.

Mer. And is not that well, when you can have half the day to warm your self by it? an't would but hold out at that rate I should prove the best Husband in Town; but faith, Madam, take me before I waste too much, for this keeping the fire-light all Night will consume fewel monstrously.

Hon. And 'tis two to one we shall sit blowing our fingers half the long Winter of Marriage, for that's a cold time, I have heard many of you Gallants say.

Mer. Ay, such as *Townlove* here, that know no other way to heat themselves but at the main fire. But we that practice the warm Exercise of Drinking, never go cold to Bed, and a warm Bed-fellows Arms is a pleasant place I can tell you.

Enter Muchland dress'd.

Much. Come, Gentlemen, I am ready for your commands now, let's whither you please.

Mer. Why then, let's to your Mistress, and serenade her, and call *Ned Rash* her Brother up, and go to the *Rose Tavern* for a Bottle of *Burgundy*.

Much. With all my heart.

Town. I'll bring you on your way, till you go embarque for drinking, and then I'll take leave, being not willing to grow Sea-sick to Night.

Mer. Brother *Muchland*, that must be, for so I know the Destinies have decreed; this *Townlove* is a very honest fellow, did he not delight in lewd Company.

Town. One good turn is, the faults of my Company are not so visible, nor do not make such a noise as yours do.

Mer. If thou understoodst noise, thou would'st not say so, for is't not the whole noise of the Town; who's such a ones Mistress, what he allows her, and whether she has any certainy settl'd on her, or must upon dislike be cast off, and according to the answers of these

Queries she is more or less respected, and makes the greater noise at her Lodgings in the Park, and at the Play House.

Town. And good reason too; 'tis not the drinking of Wine, but your ability to pay for it makes you welcome to the drowsie Vintner at two in the Morning; and let the precise say what they will, 'tis plain they ne're complain of the sins they themselves get by, or delight in.

Much. Faith, Sir, you are in the right, I ne're heard of a Vintner or Bawd that complained of Drinkers or Wenchers, except they broke Windows, or built Sconces, and I'll assure you I have known very devout People of both those Employments.

Mer. No doubt on't, People that would not have failed being at Church before the Psalm was sung for their Sundayes Dinner.

Much. Truly it is the same in more warrantable Employments, for you shall never hear the Parson speak against the sin his Patron is notoriously guilty of, or if he is forc't to Name it, it is in such a whisper, that few, except the Reader, can hear him.

Town. Your Lawyer ne're speaks against the forgery he is retain'd for; your Doctor, ne're against the cause of the Pox, nor will a Souldier be perswaded there is any hurt in plundering.

Much. Nor will all the Rhetorick a man has be enough to Convince a Tradesman that he doth ill when he over-reaches them most that trust him most.

Town. Then since no Action, be it good or bad, but hath it's vouchers, I am for letting every one have his humour, and only beg that I may have mine, which terminates alwayes in the consent of the parties I deal with, and the Devils in't if there can be harm in that, to which all Persons concern'd give their approbation.

Mer. Why, thou'rt in the right, *Townlove*, and therefore let us by mutual consent pursue our intentions.

Town. What, call up a Lady with a noise of Fiddles at two in the morning, for no other purpose but to break her sleep; it shall never be said *Townlove* was partaker in such a Crime; therefore you that can Dance, shall; and you that cannot, shall try; for I will have my frolick.

Hon. And good reason you have for it, Sir, for 'tis a shame that those who are so us'd to Dance about the streets all Night should be
able

able to do nothing tending to the same stirring faculty within Doors.
 Town. Then to your business; first, the Catch in commendation
 of the Liberal Art of Wenching, and then a Dance, to shew the
 methodical motion of Reeling.

Catch.

1. Boy, call the Coach; come, Jack, let's away:
 'Tis tedious to sit out this Tragical Play.

A Plague o' their plotting and dying in Rhime,
 Let's drive to the Park
 Before it be dark,

There we'll better dispose of our Time.

2. Stay, who is that so drest like a Queen?

1. 'Tis the fine Lady Lofty, but let's not be seen:
 For her Husband is surely gone out.

Chor. — She searches to find
 If a Friend will be kind,
 And treat her abroad with a Supper and 'bout.

2. Why should she want that? Her Lords a brave Man.

1. Ay, Jack, but they're marry'd.

2. Then what two are you?

1. 'Tis Will Lovewell and his pretty Miss,
 He hath kept her this seven year, yet prethee, Jack, see
 How jocund and merry they be,
 How Crown'd, and incircl'd with Bliss.

Chor. Love Revels, and Feasts in hearts that are free,
 But languishing starves if restrained he be.

1. See, yonder sits Well-born with his pretty Wife.

2. They look as they'd ne'er seen each other before.

1. Shee seeks for her Gallant, and he o'my Life
 Hath a mind to be feaguing yon Vizard-Mask-Whore:
 But stay, let me see; by Heav'n 'tis so,
 That Mask hides a Lady I know,
 Who seems for to dote on Husband and Honour,
 But look there, Ned Ranter has just fixt upon her.

2. *She hath yielded, and see they do go.*

1. *If Wives will do this,*

Give me the true Miss,

She'd be hang'd e're she'd serve a Man so.

Chor. They're Fools then that Marry, and strive to confine

In politick Chains what still will be free;

No Fetters can hold a pow'r that's Divine,

Nor Shackles restrain great Loves Deity.

*{ A Dance; and Ex-
cunt Dancing.*

[Manet Hon. and Rose.

Hon. What would I give, Rose, to be a man but one Night, to see what pleasure there is in the inside of a Tavern; for sure, it must be something extraordinary maks Mrs. Merry so continually delight in being there.

Ros. Faith, Madam, it is not hard to compass your wish.

Hon. What, to be a man for a Night?

Rose. Ay, to be a man as far as amounts to carry on the design of going to a Tavern; for I believe these honest good fellows never examine the inside of every mans Breeches that keep 'em Company.

Hon. Rose, you are a little too wanton.

Rose. Madam, you are a little too precise; why, 'tis the bus'ness of a Chamber-Maid to give hints of delight to her Lady when they are alone, and there is not one in ten, let them say what they will, but are pleas'd to hear something to the purpose sometimes.

Hon. Now out upon thee; I am afraid Mr. Townlove and you have had a conference lately, you are so apt to change my innocent discourse of a Tavern to matters nearer his purpose, in which I'll assure you I am not at all curious.

Rose. Well then, Madam, let that alone, and as to your observing the delights of a Tavern, I can put you in a way immediately to do it.

Hon. What, without being known!

Rose. Yes, Madam; for the Suits, Perriwiggs, Hats, and Swords that are to go to your younger Brothers into the Countrey, came home last Night, and your Brother has not seen them I am confident, if you and I put them on, we shall never be suspected for any other then a couple of tight Bully Bocks.

Hon. But should we in this Habit intrude into their Company, I am afraid they'll make us drink, and I am not able to do that.

Rose. But

Rose. But I am, Madam, I'll warrant you as far as a Bottle or two, and you may put on Mr. *Townlove's* humour, at which I'll Quarrel, and that shall be our Excuse for leaving them before they agree to part.

Hon. Well, faith, I'll venture, for I long to satisfy my Curiosity.

Rose. Come, let's make haste to dress our selves.

[*Exeunt.*]

The end of the first Act.

The Second Act.

Enter Muchland, Townlove, Merry, Fiddles,
and Torches.

Mer. Strike up, Boys, sound Alarm to the sleepy Sentinels of this Fortification.

Ab, what Charms have those Eyes, &c.

[*They follow and make a noise.*]

Enter Rash above.

Rash. What, sober Mr. *Muchland*! I little suspected to have seen you at the head of a Troop of Fiddles and Torches, scowring of the Streets, and beating up of Quarters at such a time of Night.

Much. You see how pow'rful Example is, yet considering these honest Gentlemen, my Companions, I think this may be as becoming an Exercise, as the following a pack of Doggs all day so hard, to kill my Horses, and the Quarry only a rank Fox, for the noise of those we Hunt, which now is much more Musical.

Mer. Come, come, dress, dress, we are in great haste, and have much bus'ness to do before that great make-bate, the Sun, who lights your Lawyers, Usurers, Scriveners, Merchants, and other formal fopps to go together by the Ears, do rise.

Much. I am afraid we have disturb'd your Sister with our noise.

Mer. Prethee,

Mer. Prethee, dear *Muchland* no fears, for let her be disturb'd as much as she will, she'll take it for a sign of Love, to see that when her Servant is Rambling, he cannot choose but take her in his way, and let them never so much dislike the man that doth it, there was never one of them yet that was displeas'd at being below'd.

Rash. I am of your mind, Mr. *Merry*, they are the same in Lovers as they are in Footmen, so they have but enough to wear the Livery, they desire but one to do the business, and glory more in the Manies constant attendance, then they do in the ones ability for performing their How de's.

Town. Faith, *Rash*, thou art i'th right; for till this way came up of keeping Mistres, a Woman counted it a scandal to have but one Servant; 'tis true, they admitted them under the Name of Platonicks, Friends, or Admirers, but would oblige them at the charge of their Lovers or Husbands, rather then lose their Visits; but since this impropriating of Womens Flesh without Matrimony came in request, 'tis counted a greater disgrace amongst themselves to admit of two Gallants, then e're it was for a marry'd Woman to Cuckold her Husband. And Opinion being the sole Governour of mens Actions; I believe this to be the only way to introduce Chastity into the Female Sex again, and to secure men in the knowledge of their own Children.

Rash. I never knew you want an Argument to justifie Wenching in my Life. But come in, and I'll Dress me. [Door opens.

Mer. Sound a Charge, and Enter. [Ex. Singing and Playing.

Scena Secunda. Scene a Tavern.

Enter Ruffle, Fullam, and Breef, as from Play, with a Drawer;
Ruffle with some Dice in his hand.

Ruff. Sir, ne're tell me o'that, Sir, you're a couple of Cheats, and I'll have my money again, or I'll so swinge you.

Full. Good Mr. *Ruffle* consider this Gentleman is a meer Stranger to me, and that money I have won of you, I have it fairly, and will keep it too in spite of your counterfeit Courage. [Aside.

Ruff. Conspiracy; a meer Conspiracy, what the Devil, is not here a Dye hath nothing but fives upon it: here another with two sixes, and there a third with two Quaters, and two Tre's? I tell you 'tis a plain Conspiracy, and I will have my money again.

Breef. Sir,

Breef. Sir, you know I am a meer Stranger to him, and met you at the Coffee-House by chance, and truly, considering I have lost all my money I might just suspect.

Ruff. Suspect, ha, what would you suspect? ha!

Breef. Suspect, Sir, look you, if you go to that, Sir, I might suspect, Sir. that you drew me hither, and conspir'd together to get my money, Sir, considering those Dice I see there, that I might suspect, Sir.

Ruff. Sirrah, thou Varlet, dar'st thou talk thus to a Gentleman of my Quality, that can spend a thousand pounds per annum, and be ne're the worse, that ever I should light into the Company of a Slave that sponges at Ordinaries upon the winning hands for his Bread: begs to go [six pence upon 7, to 5, and being broke by paying Laundress, or Lodging, sets up again with a new borrow'd half-Crown.

Breef. Good Mr. Ruffle, be more civil; you know I brought you into the House a Guinney, sixteen shillings in silver, and a studdle Watch-Case, and Chain, and have lost them all; then me-thinks you might give me leave to speak for my money.

Ruff. Oh, Impudence! Drawer, what's to pay?

Draw. Three pounds, Sir.

Ruff. Lok you there, Rascal! is't likely you should be set by us to get the value you speak of; when the Reckoning comes to more. Thou Dogg, I have lost fifty Guineys, besides three pounds in silver; and you come in with your studdle Watch-Case and Chain, and we should design upon you in the Devil's name; very likely.

Breef. Sir, I have more money, somewhere, and I believe all this heat is because I had no more about me to lose.

Ruff. Damn'd Rascal, dost provoke me? I'll kick thee up the Chimney. [Kicks him.

Breef. Lord, Sir, pray, Sir, 'las, what de'e mean, Sir? we shall talk about this anon. [Aside.

Full. Hold, Mr. Ruffle, this is not fair, nor must be here; we will have no Quarrelling, if I can help it.

Ruff. I vow to Gad, Mr. Fullam, you are a civil Gentleman, but there is no enduring of this Rogue; therefore, prethee give me leave to kick him out of the Company.

Breef. No, Sir, that need not, Sir; on Condition you'll throw those

those Dice out of the Window, I'll borrow five Guineys of the Drawer, and lose them too, if it be my ill Fortune; but I'll assure you I'll look to the Dice we play with.

Ruff. Well then; Drawer, go to your master, and bid him send me twenty Guineys. [*Throws away the Dice.*]

Draw. I shall, Sir.

Breef. And do you hear? bring me five.

Draw. It shall be done, Sir. [*Ex. Drawer and Fullam.*]

Breef. I protest, Mr. *Ruffle*, I am sorry I have offended you; for you know 'tis not my custome to Quarrel at the Ordinary, or any where else, but lose my money as quietly as men of better Estates do.

Ruff. Then this *Fullam* is a Rogue; but 'fore Heaven, if I take him at his tricks, I'll cut's Ears off, or have my money again.

Breef. You have reason; but Gad, I have some Tools here about me, as good Lows and Highs as e're ran on smooth Table; Gad, you might, and you would serve him a trick for his trick.

Ruff. And will, by Heaven; lend me them then.

Breef. There, Sir, these are Lows, and these are High runners; you'll never find more than threes run on these, nor less than fours on these.

Ruff. Then we'll to passage.

Breef. Come, Sir, let's into our Room, and seem angry still. [*Exit.*]

Ruff. What advantage have men of Courage over Cowards; how tame this Rogue is with his beating? I have got some Reputation for my money in huffing this Rogue. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to a Hall.

*Enter Merry, Muchland, Betty, Rash, and
Maid in Night Drefs.*

Much. Madam, you see the Excellencies of these Fellows: Was not the Sport you have had worth waking for?

Betty. Yes, truly, Sir.

Mer. Faith, Madam, I never do worse than this; my Bottle,
Fiddle,

Fiddle, and Friend, are the Delights of my Life, and had not *Cupid* watch't a time when I was sober, and shot me, as I stood musing on this Gentleman's Sister, I think I should never have thought of other pleasures; but now spend at least two hours in the twenty four, in musing, sighing, hoping, wishing, and fearing.

Bet. A grievous affliction I'll assure you, Sir; and if I were able to persuade the Lady that has this interest in your heart two hours of the day, she should e'en release her part for altogether; for I think the twelfth part of a Man's heart is no more worth keeping then the twelfth part of a shilling, a sum too little to be bestow'd on the meanest Beggar.

Mer. Ay, Madam, you speak of a heart that can be divided; but alas, 'tis not so in mine; she has right of common in the whole, every part is as much hers as any part, and she can inclose it when she pleases, being Lady of the Mannor.

Much. But I am afraid you'd soon break down the Fences, and plead a prescription of Liberty, especially to that part that lyes nearest the Water-course.

Mer. What, a Lover! and in the presence of his Mistress, yet plead for the Adverse party! O, *Monstrum Horrendum*!

Much. Ay, Sir, a whole Lover may have Liberty to speak against the twelfth part of one, there is no proportion between e'm.

Bet. Sir, 'tis possible the twelfth part of one heart may be more then the whole of another.

Mer. Faith, Brother *Muchland*, I think there you are met with.

Much. I should be loath to think the Lady meant a comparison between your heart and mine; but if she did, I would be glad she would take the trouble of surveying both before she gave final Judgment in so difficult a cause.

Bet. Since I pretend a Title to neither, nor know any body that doth, you shall pardon me if I concern not my self about the Buts, Bounds, Quantity, or Quality of the premises.

Much. Madam, you that command so many hearts, you think to descend to the observation of particulars is below you; but since you will at last find it convenient to Build, you ought to survey well the place you intend to sit down upon.

Bet. Sir, you say well; and when I begin to think of that, I shall

not fail to be very circumspect in my Choice.

Much. But do it quickly, Madam, Life's short, and if you intend to enjoy the fruit your self, you must plant betimes.

Enter Rash and Townlove.

Town. Madam, this Brother of yours is more circumspect in dressing himself for the Tavern, then Mr. *Muchland* was to come to his Mistress.

Fet. It is a sign he has a greater respect for the one, then Mr. *Muchland* has for the other.

Much. Nay rather, Madam, impute it to the excess of my desires, which prompted me to such haste, as I regarded nothing but the hopes of seeing you.

Rash. Come, let's away to the *Rose*, for 'tis almost Day; and 'tis more scandalous to enter a Tavern, then come out of one in a Morning.

Mer. 'Tis true, had not we the laudable excuse of Fiddles and Link-Boys, which are infallible signs of no early Risers.

Rash. Well, all the Good Fellows we meet in the Street, and all that are in the Tavern are part of our Company, know e'm, or know e'm not.

Mer. Provided, they carry good Testimony that they rise not thus early about bus'ness, for if we meet any such, they or we must change sides of the way.

Bet. Ne're fear it, Gentlemen, such, if they meet you, will give you the way without Quarrelling; for if you look on e'm as Fools, they think as sure that you are Mad-men.

Town. And with very good reason; and therefore, desiring I may be suspected for one of these foolish Men of bus'ness, I beg Liberty to give way to you Men of the Moon-light.

Mer. Be but a Mad-man to the Tavern, *Townlove*, and then go away like a Fool if thou wilt.

Town. Well, come on then; I will endure worse denominations then these, so I may but have my humour.

Mer. Come, Rogues, Rascals; come away, and sound a retreat to Mr. *Muchland*, who scarce matches off with flying Colours as I did from my Mistress.

Bet. Sir, I dare say he is no more without hopes then you are without.

without Confidence.

[Enter Fiddles and Torches.

Much. No, Madam, in spite of Mr. *Merry*, I will not believe my self so miserable, as to be past all hopes.

Rash. Faith, Mr. *Muchland*, nor need not, if it be'nt your own fault.

Bet. Fie, Brother.

Rash. Fie, Sister; I'll tell thee, *Muchland*, she's more afraid of being forsaken, then you are of being slighted.

Much. I dare not think my self so happy.

Rash. You are a Fool then, let her deny what I said, if she can.

Bet. Brother, this is unsufferable.

Rash. Come, come, prethee come away, there is such fooling and dissembling with these Women. } *Exeunt all but Betty and Maid,*

Bet. This Brother of mine has so } *with Fiddles playing before e'm.*
thoroughly vex'd me, by discovering my inclination, that I shall not be able to sleep for thoughts of it.

Maid. Why should you be troubl'd, Madam, since me-thinks 'tis well he knows it, 'twill put an end to the bus'ness quickly.

Bet. But if he should slight me, I believe I should dye.

Maid. Ne're fear that, Madam, you have him too fast.

Bet. Come, I will to bed; no more this Morning. [*Exeunt.*]

The Street Scene.

Entes at one Door, *Muchland*, *Townlove*, *Merry*,
and Rash : *At the other,* *Honour* and *Rose*
in Men's Cloaths.

Mer. Stand, who goes there?

Hon. Ah, *Rose*, 'tis they!

Rose. No matter; what are you that question who we are in such high Terms?

Mer. Are you men of business? For if you be, you must leave this side of the Street clear to us.

Hon. Gentlemen, do you think we look like persons that are sent

to fetch Doctors, Apothecaries, or Midwives thus early; or, that we rise this Morning not to fail meeting at some zealous brothers, for the Spiritual comforts of a morning Lecture; no fairh, we are men of no more bus'ness then your selves.

Town. Are you Good Fellows, or Wenchers, that you are upon the Ramble so late?

Hon. Partly t'one, partly t'other, like most of Mankind; but by what Authority do you examine us thus?

Rash. We have a Commission to take up all stragglers we meet, and carry them to the *Rose* Tavern.

Hon. Where, after Drinking all Night, you intend to take your Mornings Draughts; is't not so?

Much. 'Tis true, that's the scope of our Commission.

Rose. We are for you then, though my friend here never Drinks; he's for pleasures of another Nature.

Town. I have Commission to Dispencc him as well as my self, he being I find of our Brigade.

Mer. Fall into your places then.

Rose. But not so easily I believe, you will think we did not design to play the Philosophers: No, we are for mirth and madness, frolicks of some noise must tempt us to engage in your Company, else we are going to those that know truly how to be merry; men of mettle, that though they will not break Laws, have an Art of stretching of e'm as far as the best pleading Case Lawyer that wears a Coif ---

Much. And that is further by half then any Shoo-maker can his Leather; for they can fit Law to every Last.

Rose. Therefore in plain terms, Gentlemen, we must see some frolick perform'd that will convince we are not like to lose precious time in your Company, or we shall take you for some Constables, Church-wardens, Sides-men, and Over-seers in Disguise, a going to Ferret, and set Toils for the tame Game of *Whetstone's* Park.

Town. Your scruples of Conscience are so weighty, there ought to be much care taken to solve the doubts.

Mer. Your Company seems so good, that let the Conditions be but possible on which we are to gain your acquaintance they shall be perform'd: What say we, shall we break Windows, pull down signs, beat Constables, or fire the Church —

Town. Hold!

Town. Hold ! Fire *Coven-Garden Church* ; Heav'n forbid ! If that shou'd oncè be done, then shou'd I be condemn'd never to hear Common-Prayer again.

Rash. And what a loss would that be to the Church, to have such a Pillar remov'd ?

Town. *Coven-Garden Church* ! It is the Theatre of Beauty, and Rendevouz of Misses and Gallants. I dare avow 'tis a greater Advantage to Love's Empire than both the Play-houses are. No, I'll have no firing of *Coven-Garden Church* in my Company ; any other Church in the Kingdome I think may be spar'd.

Hon. No, Gentlemen, these sort of frolicks we are not for ; there's no venturing upon such without the security of as many Lives as a Cat ; besides, we hate to be giving the lye to Reverend Men of the long Robe, in crying not guilty, my Lord.

Mer. Invent, invent then ! What is't we must do ?

Hon. Can you Dance all of you ? The place is convenient here within the Piazza.

Much. We can do something like it, most of us.

Rose. I wish we had but a Bell then ; we would wake all the People of the Piazza, and shew e'm by our mirth, the difference between Living as we do, and dying ; that is, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, and Melancholy moving to no purpose, as they do.

Mer. We shall but lose time in looking for a Bell-man, and I have a Trumpet here will make a greater noise ; I carry it alwayes with me, to sound at some particular Healths.

Hon. That will do much better, the rarity of it will beget more attention.

Mer. Come then, a Levite ; my Man here has a Speech to go round with : I use it at my Friends Windows as I Ramble to my Lodgings a Mornings. [*A Levite sounded.*

Come, I'll speak it first at this Corner my self, and then he shall about with it, whilst we fall to our Dance.

GRAVE sober Sots rise from your Beds,
And just thrust out your Logger-heads,
with Eyes half shut, and senses dull'd
You'll see a little how you're gull'd,

E

And

The Morning Ramble.

*And kept from pleasures of the Dark,
By precepts wise of Lamb and Lark.
But learn by us your Lives to mend,
For Life is short, and time will end:
And when you're dead, for what you do,
Your merry Heirs will laugh at you.*

Morrow Mr. *Scrape*; Morrow Mrs. *Scrape*, Morrow Mr. *Save-all*,
Morrow my Lord *Sober*, Morrow my Lady *Pensive*, Morrow Mr.
Catch-good : Morrow, you Sleepers all, good Morrow.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Stand upon your Guard, Gentlemen, the Constable and Watch are coming.

Mer. Let e'm come, I have a sure way to keep such Dogs from Barking, as can be ; if our party be two strong, they flye off course ; but if not, I take him by the hand, and cry good Mr. Constable don't you know me ? Strait with the help of their horns they peep in my face, whilst he has time to consider that he is richer by half a Crown then he was ; then, as in an extasie of Joy, he crys, ha, Sir, is it you ? Will you have any of my Watch wait on you ? Which I denying, we part with as many farewells, and good wishes to one another, as if we had tumbl'd together in one Belly, though it may be we ne're saw one anothers faces before.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Stand, who goes there ?

Mer. No body.

Const. What, are all you no body ?

Mer. I say, no body goeth here, for we are all standing.

Const. You are merry Gentlemen, but I shall alter your humour presently ; come before the Constable one of you, keep the Peace in the Kings Name, keep the Peace, I am his Majesties Constable. Oh, I shall be kill'd, I am a dead Man : Oh, my Wife and Children : I'll have you all hang'd if I be kill'd : I say, keep the Peace ; in the King's Name, keep the Peace.

Mer. What, Mr. *Last*, is't you ?

Const. Ay, an't please your Worship, your Worships own Shoemaker ;

*They all advance with their
swords drawn, and away run
the watch.*

maker ; good Sir, don't use me ill, your Worships shooes are ready for you.

Town. Use thee ill ! What, my man of mid-night ! Do'st think we'll use thee ill ? How does thy Wife and Daughter *Joan* ? they are pretty Rogues both.

Const. Ay, Mr. *Townlove*, you are pleas'd to say so, but 'tis your goodness more then their desert truly ; though indeed they alwayes talk of your VVorship, and are near falling out sometimes about you, in arguing which loves you best, but I to keep the Peace part them, and take my Daughters part, because poor thing ! My Wife is her Mother in Law, I hope your Worship will not be angry at it —

Town. No, no, Mr. Constable, by any means keep the Kings Peace within doors, it will keep it self without.

Mer. Come, Mr. *Last*, how many Prisoners have you that are not able to pay Ransom ? I am resolved to Act the Justice, and set all at Liberty after due Examination.

Const. Why truly, Sir, we have only took four Gentlewomen, which we were carrying to the Round-house ; I'll make the Watch bring e'm before your Worship — Bring the Prisoners.

Enter Watch with four Prisoners.

Mer. Come, Madam, turn up your head, and let's see your face very well ! What is your employment ?

Town. Prethee *Merry*, be not impertient, what should a pretty Womans employment be ? Let me speak to her ; Come, Madam ! fear nothing if you tell Truth : Are you a Park, Play-House, or Street-plyer ? Do you Live upon Industry, or are you kept ?

I. wom. I am kept, Sir.

Town. What makes you out at this time of Night ? This may be my own case. [*Aside.*

I. wom. I am kept by one that allows me but forty shillings a week, and makes at least ten Guineys of me ; for he bargain'd I should admit any Friend of his, and he brings almost every day a new one, and sometimes two or three, with whom he keeps so good Intelligence, that whatsoever they give me, I can never sink a single shilling for Coach-hire ; he sometimes lets me out too, as it happen'd this Night, to a Country Parson, whose Land-lady suspecting the matter, and Jealous of losing any thing her self, turn'd me out

of doors without a penny of Money, so I fell into the Watches hands, and I hope, since you seem a civil Gentleman, you will redeem me, for it will be very injurious to my Honour to go to the Round-house.

Town. Thy Honour shall be as safe as a Thief in a Mill, ne're fear it; Come, Madam! Your Quality.

2. *where.* My business lyeth altogether in the City, Sir; for I find them the best Customers.

Mer. But how struck you into that Trade?

2. *who.* Truly, by meer chance, Sir; for sitting one day in Masque at the Play-house, in the middle Gallery, some Clerks began to talk wildly to me, till an Ancient, Grave Man, who proved since to be a Packer to Merchants, rebuk'd them, and said, their Discourse was sinful; then giving me a tread on the Toe, and a pinch on my Arm, went out; I follow'd him, hoping he'd prove lucky, and so he did, for besides his own bounty, he hath brought me acquainted with so many Rich Citizens, that I have more work then I can turn to, though I confess they being most Old, I have dispatch'd half a score sometimes in a day.

Mer. But after your abundance of Trading at that, how came you to this end of the Town?

2. *who.* Truly, Sir, I Love a Young Gentleman that I keep, whom I came to see, and having given him all the money I had, I was going back to turn the penny.

Town. A very honest, industrious Woman this, she shall have no harm: Come, let's see, what's your business?

3. *who.* You sha' not see my Face, I'll go to Prison sooner.

Const. Ay, ay, she's a stubborn Jade, and call'd me Cuckold.

3. *who.* And so you are one, to use poor Women thus: Mr. Town-love, let me speak with you — 'Tis I —

Town. Truly, Mr. Last, I think she speaks to the purpose in calling of you Cuckold, for this usage she shall not shew her Face. *Will Merry,* 'tis his Wife.

Mer. The Devil 'tis; 'twas lucky then we met, or how would she have got off.

Town. She'd have said it was to watch his haunts she came abroad, or some such thing — she would have tam'd him quickly, for 'tis

a very Devil of her Tongue, and Cuckolds him almost before his Face.

Mer. Well, who are you?

4. *Wom.* A very good Gentlewoman both born and bred; I am a Presbyterian Ministers Daughter.

Mer. A substantial Title to Gentility, who will say after this the Crown is the Fountain of Honour, when they that pull'd it down can make Gentlewomen.

Town. 'Tis possible her own Employment doth more entitle her to it, therefore let's know that.

4. *Wom.* Sir, I have had a great mind to be a Player, and have offer'd my self to both Houses, and truly most of the sharers have had me severally at their Chambers to try me, and they all say, I do very well; but 'tis the Envy of the Women already there, that fearing I should out-do e'm, keep me out, as I was told by two or three of the hired men of the Duke's House, with whom I have been to Night, and spent all my money, but I do not doubt to find Friends to bring it about, for there are two or three Persons of Quality have undertaken it.

Mer. Nay, then there's no fear of succeeding.

4. *Wom.* No, I hope not; alas, I desire little or nothing for my pains, I would only shew my self on the Stage, and then, perhaps, I may get a good Husband, or at least, some Fool that will keep me.

Mer. Honest good Women all; and are not you hard-hearted to disturb the Lawful endeavours of such well-minded People, Mr. Constable — Well, there are Resolutions taken by some Gentlemen of my Acquaintance to make you keep closer to your Lawful business — which is indeed to cry Fire, prevent House-breaking, and snore on Stalls according to your primitive institution, and not to set to Ransom, or Imprison People industriously improving the two great works of Whoring and Drinking. War is declar'd, and shall be carry'd on against all the Obstructions of Trade, as you shall hear in a Song lately publish'd, in which all must bear their parts.

Song.

Song.

1. **T**He Trade of wine is much decay'd of late ;
 The Vintners complain, and the Customs abate,
 For Pickaroon Bill-man in every Street,
 Like Capers make prize of all Traders they meet.

2. Come then, 'tis time to scowr alongst the Coast ;
 To re-take good Fellows, who else may be lost :
 'Tis Lawful those Foes to invade,
 who rob us of Honour, and hinder our Trade ;
 And a damn'd Zealous Constable 'midst of his Watch-men
 Does Trading more harm, then a Squadron of Dutch-men ;

1. Weigh Anchor then, and hoist up Sail ;
 Nore and by West it blows a merry Gale.

2. The Glass is run, ho, star-board, watch, turn out ;
 Heark, did you hear, that Gun was from a Scout.
 Run to the top,

3. Hey Boys, I see a Fleet,
 They bear hard up to us ; we quickly shall meet.

1. All hands to prayers, and make ready to fight,

2. You need not, their Flags are all white ;
 That Colour denotes them for wine or a wench ;
 All Half-shirts are for us, as sure as the French.
 They hale our Scouts, me-thinks I hear e'm call,

1. whence your Fleet ?

3. From White-Hall.

1. Whence your Fleet ?

3. From White-hall.

1. We are Friends to e'm, then cry, Huzza.

2. Once again, Huzza.

1. And again, Huzza.

3. They are Friends to us, then cry, Huzza.

3. Once again, Huzza.

3. Once again, Huzza.

4. And again, Huzza, buzza, buzza.

Now we are all met, let's draw into a Line;
 Charge every man his Glass of Wine,
 'Tis our Royal high Admirals Health,
 Whilst we drink all Night,
 He does Hero-like Fight,

To rescue the Kingdoms Honour and Wealth.
 Let Trumpets sound, and all at once give Fire,
 If the Enemy comes, we'll soon make 'em Retire.

1. Let's Charge them again, for a Health to the King.
2. They come, they come, their Bell-man does Ring.
3. Their Caps, Staves, and Lanthorns I spie,
 They've horns in their Flags, and they bear 'em on high.
4. Fall on then, fall on, tantara rara, &c.
1. They flye, they flye.
2. Then give a Broad-side, and cry, Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy!
2. Give the Broad-side, &c.

Town. Now these four Gentlewomen will make our Dance the better. [Dance.

Mer. Come, to every Lady a Link and a Watch-man for safeguard to their Lodgings.

3. *VVom.* Except me, Sir, mine is not far off.

Mer. 'Tis true, you shall only have one of my Links; Mr. Constable, no more Pris'ners to Night, as you tender my good Grace; and there's a Crown to Drink.

Const. VVe'll know no other Justice hereafter but you, Sir.

Mer. Now every one to their several abidings, and we for the Rose, sound a Charge, and let's assault the place. [Exeunt omnes.

The

The Third Act.

The Scene a Tavern.

Enter Ruffle, Breef, Fullam, and Drawer.

Ruff. Come, come, Sir, these are no Jestling matters, I'll not be cheated of all my Money thus.

Ful. How do you mean cheated, Mr. *Ruffle*?

Ruff. How do I mean? Did I not find a Dye with all Sinks, and others of the like Nature?

Ful. I love you for that, I'faith, Mr. *Ruffle*, I hope you don't take me for a Cully.

Ruff. Nor shall you make me one, if I can help it, and therefore, say, was there not such Dice here? we'll find afterwards who brought e'm in.

Ful. I saw no such Dice, not I.

Breef. Nor I, I'll assure you.

Ruff. Hey day, here's fine Rogues; Drawer, did not you see the Dice I speak of?

Draw. No, Sir, not I; 'tis true, I heard you say some such thing, but I could not believe Gentlemen would put false Dice upon one another.

Ruff. No, but Cheats will.

Ful. How do you mean, Sir, I say? Cheat again! was the third time, Mr. *Ruffle*.

Ruff. I say, this Gentleman and I are Cheated, and by you, that's plain, and if he'll be rul'd by me, you shan't not carry it off so.

Ful. I can endure no longer: Come, come, come, draw, draw, Sir, for I will have satisfaction for this abuse.

[*Draw.* I'll bear no witness.

[*Exit Draw.*

Ruff. Arc

Ruff. Are you for that sport ?
We'll swinge you :
Do you think to carry it off so ?
This is brave i' faith.
First, Cheated, and then Hector'd ;
Suffer this, and suffer all.

*All this while he bastes
about, throws his Hat away,
pulls off his Perruwig, and
seems to be preparing to
fight.*

Come, Sir, why don't you prepare ? Do you see how he braves us ?
[To Breef.

Breef. What do you mean, Sir ?

Ruff. Wee'll beat him, take our money again, and then have him tost in a Blanket.

Breef. I shall not stain my Honour in being two against one.

Ruff. I am cross but I see.

[*Aside.*

Nay, I can as well spare what I lost, as you can yours, and it shall ne're be said, I fought to recover anothers money, that would do nothing for it himself ; give me your hand, Mr. *Fullam*, I am very glad 'twas your Fortune to get it, since it is mine to lose it.

Full. This is but trivial satisfaction, Sir, for the abuses you have put upon me.

Ruff. Hang't, Man, Passion, meer Passion ; give losers leave to speak, I wou'd take twice as much for half the money, and I think I value my Honour as much as another (if I can but get off with Credit now.)

[*Aside.*

Ful. Well, Sir, I think you speak Reason, therefore, pay the Reckoning, and we are Friends.

Ruff. How do you mean, Mr. *Fullam* ? Have not you got all the money ?

Ful. And will keep it, Sir ; therefore resolve to pay the Reckoning, or —

Ruff. Plague on't, I ne're value three or four pounds ; and it may be thou hast particular occasion for this sum of money at present, then we'll ne're stand upon small matters, I'll do't. But for you, Sir, I'll talk with you for your Highs and Lows.

[*Aside.*

Breef. Very pretty, i' faith, a well fram'd Dialogue : Good Mr. *Ruffe*, 'tis too plain ; do you think your counterfeit Quarrels shall carry it off so ? I shall stand by, and see my self cheated of my money, and take it kindly I have lost it, because you can Rally one another.

Ful. What do you mean by this, Sir?

Breef. Sir, you are a stranger to me, and I can't blame you for what you have done; but to be set and bubbled by Mr. *Ruffle*, on pretence of Friendship, is unsufferable.

Ruff. What the Devil, is not one kicking enough for you in one Night? Must I be bound to wear out my shoes upon you?

Breef. Come, come, Sir, I know when to take a kicking, and when not. I bore with it then, in hopes you would have so managed the Dice I lent you, as to have won money for me, but on the contrary, you plac'd e'm upon our selves: therefore, Sir, refund, refund, I'll not lose a groat of the money I lost.

Ruff. But sure you don't hope to carry it off so: Have I any of your money?

Breef. But your Friend hath for your use, and I'll look no further then your self for it; therefore, my money, or Draw.

Ful. 'Fore Heav'n this is pretty; then it seems you both design'd upon me.

Breef. Come, Sir, will you repay me?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Ruffle*, here is a great many Gentlemen with Fiddles, hearing you were here, are resolv'd to come up to you.

Ruff. What shall I do? Gentlemen, step into another Room, I'll come and give you full satisfaction presently.

Breef. Well, Sir, I am content to wait a little. [*Ex. all but Ruff.*]

Ruff. The Devils in my luck, I never get a little Reputation by beating a Man, but presently some body or other huffs me out of it again, and then all my Honour flies in Fume. 'Tis true, I am a Coward, but no body need e're a known it but my self, if I had not a foolish desire to be thought valiant, and so must still be picking Quarrels with all I think like my self. And I gad, 'tis not once in twenty times, but I miss my Man and get a beating.

Enter Merry, Townlove, Rash, Muchland, Honour, Rose, and Fiddles.

Mer. What, *Ruffle* alone in a Tavern at four in a Morning, that's a thing I ne're was guilty of.

Rash. Come, come, Table and Chairs.

Ruff. Faith, *will Merry*, to tell thee the truth, I have been bubbling

tubling a couple of Culleys to Night, and the poor things having lost all their money are staying for more in another Room.

Mer. Faith, that doth not use to be thy way, for I have known thee oftner a Publee then a Publer.

Ruff. That's true, but when I grant out my Letters of Mart to my Highs and Lows, there's no Man sooner takes in reprisal then I; and I faith, they have been all at work to Night.

Mer. What have you won?

Ruff. Let me see; fifty Guineys, three pounds in silver, and twenty Guineys more they borrowed of the Master of the House.

Mer. And did they not smoak you, as their term is?

Ruff. Yes, a little; but one of e'm beginning to prate, I kickt him soundly.

Mer. Thou Boy; now I believe nothing of the whole matter: Thou venture to kick a Man, 'tis impossible.

Ruff. Why, this 'tis, because I am a little complisant sometimes, and put up injuries from Gentlemen, therefore, you, it seems, have mean thoughts of me, but you shall hear; come hither, *Stephen*.

Draw. Your pleasure, Sir.

Ruff. Did not you see me kick a Gentleman soundly to Night for talking to me of Cheating?

Draw. Yes, Sir, I'll assure you, I was afraid you would hurt him.

Ruff. And was not there twenty Guineys borrowed of your Master?

Draw. Yes, Sir; and five of me.

Ruff. That's true (go thy ways) law you now, I had forgot that five Guineys.

Mer. Miracles, Miracles, Miracles, give us Wine there; Miracles are not ceast: Here's a Health to *Ruffe's* Conversion, *Town-love*; thou shalt pledge this, if thou never drink't more.

[*All this while Ruffe struts about.*

Town. Faith, Sir, you must pardon me, if I don't know some great cause for it.

Mer. Thy Ear.

Ruff. Come, Gentlemen, you know he is a merry Man every way, let him have his frolick: La, la, la, la, la, Sir, my Service to you, *will Merry's* Health.

Hon. Sir, I drink no Wine.

Ruff. Damme, not pledge me, Sir, 'fore Heav'n but you must, or I shall throw it in your face.

Much. Good Sir, be not rude, the Gentleman has our word to excuse him.

Ruff. If he hath your word, let him pass it. la, la, la, la.

Hon. Sir, I commend it to you.

Rash. I never drink by Commendations, Sir.

Ruff. Well done, Boy; here's another milk-sop: What, can't he drink neither?

Rose. Yes, Sir, or any thing else with you that you dare.

Ruff. 'Fore Heav'n a Lad of mettle; give me thy hand: Here's a health to all that dare, and a fig for men that dare not do any thing.

Rose. Sir, I'll pledge it.

Mer. Some Wine, there; give every one of the Musick a glass in his hand

Town. Mr. *Ruffle*, I congratulate the change, and if I have any interest in my Lady *Turnup*, she shall be yours, since the onely obstacle is remov'd.

Ruff. Faith, Mr. *Townlove*, you see men will shew themselves such one time or other. 'Las, the stoutest Bully Rock of e'm all ne're went to single Rapier in swadling Cloaths, they had all a time to begin: La, la, la, la.

Mer. You are i'th' right, Mr. *Ruffle*; come, the Catch.

Song.

1. **B**Oy, bring a Glass without marks, to confine
The Ebbs and the Floods of our Drinking;
Our Cups shall be heap'd with a full-tide of wine,
Till our Tongues do speak wit without thinking.

2. We will with wines, *Aetherial* fire,
Like subtile Chymists, Bodies change;
That without words each mans desire
Shall through the others fancy range.

wine

1. Wine shall wash off our Earthly parts,
And to new Creatures mold us ;

2. We'll take off our Boulds,
Till we mingle our Souls;
And the world grows too little to hold us.

Chor. we'l, &c.

1. All hands to work then, time slides away,
Night chides our sloath, and hastens on the day ;

2. Then the Sun will bring heat
For our Limbeck so high,
And make our Elixar in fumo to flye.

1. Heark, do you hear, the Men cry Chimney sweep ;
Fanatick Wives will now no longer sleep ;
Strange Dreams of Religion have wak'd e'm by this :
In heat of their zeal
They'l presently rail

At every thing is, and is not amiss.

2. Be sure if they see us, of Custom they'l say,
We turn Day into Night, and Night into Day ;

1. In this they are right ;
We'd turn Day into Night ;
But they lye, if they say,
That we would e're wish to turn Night into Day.

Chor. In this, &c.

Mer. Bravely done, Boys ; now to a little silent drinking : Town-
love, you keep a good man from us. { During the Catch Townlove
Town. I'll release him presently. } and Rose talk together.

Faith, Sir, you see I have open'd my heart to you, in hopes to make
you my Friend, for there is something in your face pleases me ex-
tremely.

Rose. I am oblig'd to you by it, and shall as much seek to deserve
it ; but me-thinks three hundred pounds a year is considerable to al-
low you Mistress, if you pay it constantly.

Town. I never fail you may be sure, whosoever stays, she must
not. A dun between a pair of Sheets makes a man more impotent

then an

then a Witches tying of a Countrey Fellows Col-piece-point.

Rose. Well, Sir, for my own part, I never understood the pleasure of keeping Misses, I'm for other mens, if for any.

Town. I believe your Friend is not of your mind; he, I perceive by his refusing to drink, is for his Miss; can you let me know who she is?

Rose. Truly, Sir, I know of none he hath, he's Young, and rather talks of Marriage than Misses.

Town. Why, there's the mischief on't; he's new come from the University, or I'll be hang'd; there's more of our hopeful Youth spoil'd by Schools and Universities than is imaginable; they learn nothing but to tread the dull paths of our Fore-Fathers, to bury themselves alive in Marriage-Beds, to arise Monsters with huge Horns on their heads; if you have any kindness for him reclaim him from such a design.

Rose. I have us'd my endeavours, and find him a little inclining to be kind to one *Rose*, that waits on Mr. *Muchland's* Sister.

Town. Gad, Sir, I had rather he had a mind to be kind, as you call it, to my Sister, and sooner should forgive him for it

Rose. Why, Sir, what is she to you?

Town. She's one I have a mind to, and am resolv'd if three hundred pounds a Year will tempt her, she shall be mine; provided, he, nor no other smock-fac'd Fellow hath been Quarter'd upon her afore hand.

Rose. How'l you know that, if it is so?

Town. P'rhaw, ne're ask questions of an Old Gamester; and I'm resolv'd, since my present Miss is to be married, I'll pursue my design upon *Rose*, to prevent yon smock-fac'd Fellow, of whom I have dreadful apprehensions.

Rose. Well, Sir, trouble not your self, I'll take care he shall remove his Siege.

Mer. Turnlove, thou think'st we have nothing else to do but to talk; release our man there, that you have taken Prisoner by the Ears.

Town. Well, take him, but 'tis a thousand pities he should be spoyled by you.

Rose. I'll warrant you, Sir, I am past their spoyling.

Town. Gen-

Town. Gentlemen, I have perform'd my word with you; and so farewell. [Exit *Town.*]

Mer. Farewell; you have return'd us a better man for our present purpose.

Rash. Sir, you're in a rear, and since you allow drinking to be your profession, you must balance Accounts, and pay down what you owe.

Rose. I'll assure you, Sir, I am but just begun to be a professor in the Mystery, therefore, if you call for Debs too soon, you'll break me, and I shall ne're be able to follow the Trade, then let's now go on, I'll run in a rear no further, and the next time I meet you I'll balance Accounts.

Much. Come, the Gentleman saith well, 'tis not our bus'ness to be drunk, but to be merry; therefore, let's not break Methods at the present for any thing past.

Rash. But, Mr. *Muchland*, by your leave I desire no man to be a sober observer of my drunken behaviour, therefore, if he and his Friend will not drink equally, I should be glad of their rooms.

Hon. Sir, as I take it, it was your own fault you had our Companies, and the terms we met on were agreed to before.

Rash. Not by me, I'm sure.

Ruff. Nor by me, therefore if you won't drink, turn out of the Company.

Much. Sir, I must tell you this is rude, and no wayes becoming a Gentleman.

Ruff. How, Sir, what's that, Rude? La, la, la.

Rash. 'Tis strange to see how men can see others faults, and be blind to their own; you tell Mr. *Ruffle* he's Rude for speaking in his own Room, into which you intrude to controul him.

Ruff. Alas, alas, the Gentleman's lately come out of the Coun-
trety, he doth not understand good breeding; la, la, la, poor thing.

Much. Mr. *Rash*, I can take more from you; but —

Rash. But what; out with it, I'm your man, ne're look at him, and I must again tell you, that I believe you want good manners so to controul; here I say, these Gentlemen shall drink, or quit the Room.

Hon. And I

Hon. And will, Sir, no fear; we do not at all hold our selves oblig'd by Quarrellsom Company: Drawer, what's to pay?

Mer. Gentlemen, nothing for you; I am sorry to have engaged you thus inconveniently, I'll assure you 'tis rare for me to see these things, especially amongst Friends.

Hon. We thank you, Sir, and all others from whom we have received Civility. [*Exeunt Hon. and Rose.*]

Ruff. Damme, what's that, Civility? They deserve to be kickt.

Much. What, by you?

Rash. I, by him; and 'tis not you can hinder it.

Ruff. No, by Heav'n's is it not, nor two such, dear heart.

Much. Sir, if I should tell you you lye, I'm afraid Mr. *Rash* would call me rude, but I cannot forbear thinking so.

Rash. Sir, you provoke me to tell you, you're fit Company for Dogs and Horses, and not for men, except 'tis your own Grooms, or e whom you had best go and domineer in the Countrey.

Much. Sir, you know my Obligations, or else —

Rash. Or else what?

Ruff. Or else what? Poor thing: Or else what prethee? La, la, la.

Much. Or else that. [*Throws a Pipe at him.*]

Ruff. Damme, Blood, that; death and wounds, let me alone, nothing shall save him. [*would draw, but is held.*]

Mer. Gad, Sir, be as Valiant as you will, I'll swinge you if you be not quiet.

Rash. Mr. *Ruffle*, the affront was meant to me; be quiet, Sir, we desire no Quarrels here, and therefore you or I will quit the Room. [*Walks to and again in a great Rage.*]

Much. You pretend a right to it by the interest of your huffing Friend, therefore I'll quit it, And the World too, rather then take this. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Mer. — Sir, I'll see you at Home presently.

Mr. *Ruffle*, have you no body to Exercise your setting out towards Valour upon but my Friends?

Ruff. Friend me no Friends, I know no Friends in point of Honour, that's it I'll stick to.

Mer. Then I must tell you, Sir, you and I must not part before

I carry my Friend satisfaction in your Blood, or lose my own.

Ruff. Will Merry, thou pretend'st to be a man of Honour, and place these things upon me, 'tis very well, I saith, thou think'st now that I am not Valiant, and therefore pick'st a Quarrel, but it shannot pass, no, it shannot, for do what thou wilt, I will not fight with thee.

Mer. Then thou art a Coward still, as rank a one as ever, and I lose time to talk to thee.

Ruff. Ay, think so, do; I a Coward, 'tis likely, dear heart.

Mer. Mr. *Rash*, I hope to see you and Mr. *Muchland* Friends soon.

Rash. I shall take little thought about it, so let's part; Good Morrow, Mr. *Ruffie*.

Ruff. I, good Morrow; Huff me — Good Morrow, Mr. *Merry*, la, la, la, huff me. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene a Chamber.

Enter Rose in Man's Cloaths, Honour in a Night-Gown.

Hon. Ne're tell me on't, I'm confident some unlucky thing will happen, for I ne're perceiv'd my Brother more angry in my Life; I wish we had not gone.

Rose. I am rather glad we were there; for, knowing of the Quarrel, we can take care to prevent the effects of it.

Hon. But we were the occasions of it, you know.

Rose. Faith, Madam, I think not, for Mr. *Rash* was in such a Quarrellsome humour, and that vapouring Gentleman did so push it on, that I am confident had not we been there the same thing would have hapned.

One Knocks.

Hon. Who's there?

Much. within. Sister, I would speak with you.

Hon. Immediately. 'Tis my Brother, what shall we do?

G

Rose. I'll

Rose. I'll step into the Closet, and hearken, and then go down the back-stairs.

[*Exit Rose.*

[*Honour opens the Door.*

Enter Muchland.

Much. Sister, since I left you, I have had more cause to consider the consequence of your marrying Mr. *Merry* than ever I had before, therefore I desire to know what thoughts you have of him.

Hon. Truly, Brother, I cannot pretend an aversion to a Gentleman you commanded me to favour as your Friend, and one you design'd I should marry, though further I am no wayes engag'd.

Much. I am glad to see your indifferency, for by this morning's work I find you can no wayes hope for that happiness I once thought you might expect in being his; the Company he keeps is bad, and the consequences will attend it must be worse, therefore admit of no further addresses from him, which the better to prevent, you shall towards *York-shire* to morrow.

Hon. To morrow, Sir?

Rose. If so, 'tis time for me to bestir my self. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Much. I, Sister, 'twill save you some blushes for so abrupt a breaking with him, and I have hopes to live to give you full satisfaction for this change, and to bestow you on one may more deserve you.

Hon. The manner of your Discourse doth much surprize me, and seems very mysterious; I hope there is no cause those hopes you speak of should prove doubtful ones.

Much. Sister, I cannot tell, but I desire, let things go how they will, that you'd prepare your self for all may happen.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentleman without desires to speak with you.

Much. Admit him in.

[*Enter Rose.*

Rose. Sir, your Noble proceedings in so Generously defending strangers hath bound me for ever to your Service. And fearing lest your Generosity hath too far engag'd you in our behalfs, I am come to offer you the assistance of my Sword, thinking I should but ill become the wearing it, if any other should be drawn, and not it in my own Quarrel.

Much. Sir, you are truly Noble, and I have just occasion to give thanks

thanks to that unlucky Accident, since it produced me the Acquaintance of so worthy a Person.

Rose. Sir, your own demeanour is enough to inspire worth into a Person that Naturally wants it, and if I have any, I shall impute it to the Example I received this day from you; but to avoyd Complements, of which I am a bad returner, I beg you would employ me.

Much. Sir, if I do, it shall be in an Office in which there shall on your part, be no hazzard: Sister, I desire you would entertain this Gentleman, whilst I step into your Closet to write a Letter.

Rose. Madam, you can no wayes believe the great Obligations I have received this day from your Noble Brother. [*In a high voice.* But, Madam, not to lose time, I will so mix my self amongst them, it shall be impossible, but I'll prevent all mischief. [*Low.*

Hon. I, but the Countrey, and to leave Mr. *Merry*, *Rose*, I am grown desperate with the thoughts of it.

Rose. Prepare your self to go abroad, and leave the rest to me. [*In a small voice.*

Madam, I dare assure your Lady-ship 'tis no such matter; and upon my Honour, there is no man in the World shall be more careful of Mr. *Muchland's* safety, then my self. [*In a high tone.*

Hon. You seem a Gentleman to be rely'd on. [*Aloud.*

But, *Rose*, if Mr. *Merry* should be concern'd in the Quarrel after our leaving them, what then?

Rose. I'll warrant you, Madam, as I'll contrive the matter, he shall be better Friends with Mr. *Merry*, then ever. [*Low.*

For truly, Madam, I observ'd nothing but a little heat about mine, and my Friends Intrusion, that was all; and ——— [*Aloud.*

Enter Muchland with a Letter.

Much. Sir, I desire you to deliver this Paper for me where 'tis directed; I beg your pardon for it's being Seal'd, since it is rather to rectifie some mistakes between that Gentleman and I, then to pursue them further, though, I confess, if he continues his resentments, I had rather you were witness of them then any other Person wholly a stranger to their first beginnings.

Rose. Sir, I am proud that you are pleas'd to employ me any way: Your Lady-ships Servant. [*Exit Rose.*

Hon. But

Hon. But dear Brother, let me beg you, if any thing hath hap-
pened between Mr. *Merry* and you, that causes this suddain aversion,
let me know it, that I may with Justice root out of my mind that
little esteem your Friendship to him, and his merit hath planted
there.

Much. There is nothing, upon my word, Sister, but my conside-
ration of this happiness hath begot the change I have exprest.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is a Letter, a Porter brought, he saith, from the
Rose Tavern.

Muchland Reads.

SIR,

THE Injuries I received from you are unsupportable, nor can a
man of Honour, as I profess, and shall ever testifie my self to be,
put them up; therefore, I desire you would meet me singly with your Sword
in your hand, at the lower side of Hide-Park, at six this morning,
where I doubt not to make you know what it is to Injure the Valiant, and
place abuses upon the worthy, in the first Rank of which I shall alwayes be
ambitious, to have the Name subscribed of

Ruffe.

'Tis dam'd unlucky this, I wish I had not sent my Letter to be Chal-
lenged to the same place whither I desir'd Mr. *Sharp* to come; but
stay, six of the Clock, this is an hour sooner then I appointed,
that's well; for if I be kill'd by this first, I shall dye the more con-
tentedly, in not having fought my Mistresses Brother, and if I sur-
vive, I shall be in a condition to make good my word to him. Sister,
prepare for your Journey, and if you have any kindness for your self,
think not on Mr. *Merry*. [Exit.]

Hon. Not think of him, that's impossible; should my Father's
Soul rise from the Grave, and bid me to forget him, I could not do
it. No, Brother, his worth hath placed him here too fast to be by
small dislikes of yours remov'd. [Exit.]

The Scene a Tavern.

Enter Ruffle, Fullam, and Breef.

Ruff. Gentlemen, you have had your design upon me, what wou'd you more? We all know one another too. I believe that 'tis not to place approbrious Names upon our own Qualities. I take you two to be men that will live, if Dice and Cards will do it; and I am confident you take me to be one that have no mind to leave a thousand pounds a Year before I must needs, and therefore am something backwards in fighting matters.

Ful. To speak the truth, Mr. *Ruffle*, I believe you.

Breef. And I.

Ruff. Now I dare swear, if you would confess, there's neither of you love fighting any more then I do.

Ful. I'll assure you, Sir, my Reputation was never question'd.

Ruff. That I believe, for like the subtle Squirrel, you fore-see where the Wind will be, and change your Nest accordingly; but I have a plaguy damn'd humour of desiring to be thought Valiant, which makes me provoke the beatings, I else might go without.

Breef. Then you deserve them, Mr. *Ruffle*; but I am so wise, never to regard a beating I get by.

Ruff. Well, Gentlemen, to continue the good correspondence our mutual knowing one another hath begun, I have a business to employ you in, which you effecting dextrously, will deserve I should make the sum you have got from me already, a compleat hundred pounds.

Ful. Name it, Mr. *Ruffle*.

Breef. And doubt us not.

Ruff. I have sent a Challenge to Mr. *Muchland*, who, I fear, will meet me: Now, if you two will watch him into the Field.

Ful. And kill him for you, you'll give us twenty pounds.

Breef. A very modest request to begin Friendship with.

Ful. Troth, Sir, I have no mind to sing doleful Ditties through a slip knot, nor I.

Breef. Nor

Breef. Nor have I any ambition to attain the Title of a proper Gentleman, as I Ride in Triumph on a two wheel'd Chariot.

Ful. No, Sir, as long as the Town is full of Gallants like you, that dare venture their thousands against our nothings, we shall not be so distressed, as to turn Bravoës.

Ruff. Gentlemen, you run on apace, but 'tis all upon a false scent; why, I ne're desir'd the Death of any Man in my Life, and wonder at those they call Men of true Honour, that make no more of killing a Man for refusing a Health, then I do to eat my Break-fast: Yet, since the Town praises these hare-brains as Men of worth, I have a huge ambition to be thought one of 'em, so I could but obtain it without the danger of my self or Antagonist.

Ful. Nay, if your design be bounded within the compass of human safety, I'm for you.

Breef. And ten pounds shall ne're be slighted by me, coming with the hazzard onely of a walk into the Fields.

Ruff. Then Gentlemen, as I said, dog him thither, and when we are both drawn, appear as taking his part against me, place it upon him, as if he had hir'd you; thus our Quarrel will end, and you shall have your money.

Breef. If this be all, come away, we're agreed, I warrant you.

Ruff. But carry it discreetly.

Ful. Ne're, ne're fear us; *alone, alone, alone, come.*

[*Exeunt.*]

The Fourth Act.

Enter Rash and Betty.

Rash. Sister, I protest his behaviour was unsupportable, he took upon him, as if he had had a right to domineer o're the whole Company.

Betty. 'Tis

Betty. 'Tis strange, I never observ'd his temper much to incline to Pride.

Rash. Not before you, but these Country Gentlemen are so us'd to controul by the virtue of being Justices, that what with their positiveness on one side, and their want of Breeding on the other, a Man had as good keep Company with a Constable in midst of his Bill-men, as with one of them.

Enter Rose.

Rose. Sir, I am come to wait on you, a thing I should not have omitted on my own account, though I now am here but as a Messenger.

[Delivers him a Letter, which he reads.

Madam, I beg your Ladyship's pardon for my interruption. Take that.

[Rose gives her a Note privately.

Betty. What should this be? But I perceive it requires secrecy.

Rash. Sir, I'll assure you for some reasons, I had rather you had been the sender than the bringer of this Letter, but however I shall perform it's Contents at the hour appointed.

Rose. Sir, I hope I am concern'd more then barely as a Letter Carrier, and since I know the most material business of it, I desire you would satisfy my further Curiosity, I yet believing it is intended I should make one at the meeting.

Rash. Not at all, I'll assure you, Sir.

Rose. 'Tis strange, but I shall inquire the cause of it elsewhere: Your Ladyships most humble Servant.

[Exeunt Rose and Rash.

Betty. What Paper's this? (Reads) For Mrs. Elizabeth Rash.

Opens it, and finds.

M Adam, the Letter I deliver'd your Brother contains a Challenge to meet a Gentleman in Hide Park this Morning at eight of the Clock, I confess I must needs appear Treacherous, as well for opening the Letter, as for betraying the business, but when you shall know the true motives that made me do both, I am confident you will not only absolve me, but allow a place in your esteem for one who doth all he can to preserve to you two friends; the loss of either of which would be a perpetual trouble to you, and real grief to your unknown

Servant.

This requires care and Expedition to prevent, for the other Friend

he

he means can be none but Mr. *Muchland*, I'll make a Visit to his Sister, and enquire out the matter. [Exit.

Scene the Street.

Enter Merry at one Door, and Rose at the other.

Rose. Sir, you are well met; I was going to your Lodging to look for you.

Mer. Troth, Sir, I am sorry I am prevented the happiness of meeting you there, we would have crackt a Bottle e're we had parted.

Rose. It troubles me a little that I must tell you my business would scarce have provoked Drinking.

Mer. But, Sir, let your business have been what it would, we would have drunk upon it: For if't had been good, 'twould have deserv'd a Bottle; and if bad, needed one; and I tell you, Sir, I never saw any thing yet in my Life could put me past consideration of a Bottle.

Rose. Sir, the pleasantness of your temper, with your Civilities to me and my Friend, makes me sorry to tell you I am a Messenger from a Gentleman, to invite you with your Friend into the Field at Nine this Morning, to meet him that sent me, and my self; I need not name on what score.

Mer. No, no, 'tis to Fence for a Break-fast of Honour, I guess the business well; let him be whom he will, he shall not fail of my Company, though I confess it seems very odd to be invited to a Banquet of Man's flesh, without knowing a cause for the Treat. Pray Sir, the Name of this obliging Friend of mine.

Rose. *Muchland*, Sir.

Mer. How! Marry now I find a kind of a Qualm coming over my Stomack, which makes me wish I could be excus'd on any terms, less then loss of Reputation; yet faith I can't believe but you mistake your Man, for I was just going to his Lodging to take up a Quarrel I fear'd might proceed too far between him and another.

Rose. No,

Rose. No, Sir, if your Name be *Merry*, you are the Man. He imputes the mis-understanding between his Mistress's Brother and him, to the Ill Company you drew him into, and therefore is resolv'd his Sister shall into the Countrey from you to Morrow; and and he will have satisfaction for the injuries he receiv'd in the Tavern from none but your self.

Mer. A Compendious cause for a Quartel, and much as significant as most Duels now a days are fought upon: He receives the abuses from others, and requires satisfaction from me; S'd death, he might as well have plac'd it on the Vintner for keeping the House, the Link-Boys for lighting him to it; or indeed on his Horse that brought him his last Journey to Town, this Capriciousness of his Temper with his design to take from me my Mistress makes me wish he was here to begin presently. Where's the place he designs for this delicate Trial of Skill?

Rose. In Hide-Park, Sir.

Mer. Well, Sir, I shall bring a Friend that hath as much cause of malice to you as this Man of Punctillioes hath to me, and therefore if you have no more wit, you may fight too.

Rose. Sir, I am not afraid to say I shall scarce be idle when I see you once engag'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene a Chamber.

Enter Townlove and the Lady Turnup in Morning-Gowns.

Turn. My dear *Townlove*, thou art the gooddest Rogue for not Drinking, I could e'en bite thee to pieces for it. But faith I'll tell Mr. *Merry* on it soundly when I see him for keeping thee up all Night; come, prethee, shall we to Bed?

Town. I presently; but first you shall sing me the new *Scotch* Song.

Turn. No, prethee don't; I am so hoarse with sitting up for thee, that I shall never make any Musick of it now, and I do so long to be in Bed, dear *Townlove* come, let's go.

H

Town. I

Town. I must have my Song first, time enough for Bed, we'll not Rise till Dinner time, and that shan't be ready till three, that we may have time to go to the Play.

Turn. And will you stay with me after the Play, and engage with no Body?

Town. Come, my Song, and I won't.

Song.

1.

Willie was so blithe a Lad,
Nene like was in the Town;
At Wake and Wassel Willie had
For Dancing chief Renown.

2.

He pick'd the Bar, and hurl'd a stean,
Nea Man wou'd him out-gang;
And if he strave with any ean,
He gard them lig along.

3

But Willie needs would wedded be,
He lik'd so weele a Lass
That bonny was, and full of glee,
And mickle all did pass.

4.

Yet Willie was no sooner wed,
But he full fear did pine;
He cross'd his Arms, hang'd down his Head,
And still had watry Eyne.

5.

Ah, wea is me, would Willie say,
That I am thus forlorn;
I now can neither Dance nor Play,
Nor ought but wind a Horn.

6.

*The Lads and Lasses all do laugh,
And scorn me as I gang;
They do me all a Cuckold knowgh,
And gibe me with this Sang.*

7.

*Willie soon must gang to work,
Or Nonne scodes him fear;
Mas's Johnne e're he wends to Kirk
Mun con a point we her.*

8.

*Then Jocky, Sawny, Hugh, and Kit,
Ralph, Wat, and many mere,
Gang when they please, and take a bit,
whilst Willie keeps the whore.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here's Mr. *Ruffle* will not be satisfy'd without he can speak with you; I told him you were asleep, he said, I must wake you, for it may be 'tis the last time he shall trouble you.

Turn. What doth the Coxcomb mean, to trouble me thus early? Tell him I value my Honour more, then to admit of a Man's Visit at this time of Day; and say, I wonder at his Insolence: Tell him any thing, rather then let him come up to disturb my dear *Townlove* and I now. *[Exit Maid.]*

Town. I'll hang'd if the Fool hath not run himself into some Quarrel last Night, and now comes to boast of his Valour; *will Merry* was talking something of it to me, but I scarce regarded what I did not believe.

Turn. What a pox is his Valour to me?

Town. But his thousand pounds a year is; don't slight that.

Turn. I, *Townlove*, you are weary of me, or else you would ne're put me upon Marrying that Fool.

Town. Don't you prove your self a worse, in refusing such a Fortune; you know my Estate is intail'd upon my Younger Brother, then should I dye, what would you do for a maintenance? Besides, can't I Visit you then as I do now?

Turn. But will you, dear *Townlove*?

[*Enter Maid.*

Maid. Madam, he will not be satisfied without seeing you; he saith, he had rather be so unhappy to dye in your displeasure, then without taking his leave; I think he's mad, for he talks of nothing but Honour, Death, Victory, and the like.

[*Exit Maid.*

Turn. Go, bring him up; *Townlove*, step into the Closet, we'll see what his mighty concerns are.

[*Exit Townlove.*

Enter Ruffle and Maid; when he comes in, walks up and down, stamps, starts, and bustles.

Turn. Mr. *Ruffle*, I'll assure you your proceedings, in forcing your self thus into my Chamber, hath given me high dissatisfaction; you use me like one of the common things of the Town, that admit of Visits in their Beds; but I'll assure you I am none of those: My Honour is dearer to me than my Life, and I'll not hazzard the loss of my Reputation for the satisfaction of any Person Living.

Ruff. It can't be helpt, Madam, the Case is alter'd — I am not the Man you think me — no — The World's chang'd —
Tempore Mutatur —

Turn. The World's chang'd indeed; you have not dar'd to use me in this slight manner formerly, therefore, good Sir, your business quickly, that you may be gone, and never see my face more.

Ruff. There's it, you'll prove a true Prophetess I fear; but hang't, 'tis no matter, a Man must dye, and as good at first as at last. Honour; I, there's it, to dye, and lye in the Bed of Honour; who would desire more?

Turn. Good Sir, be careful of my Honour, and if your business be only to disturb me, I command your speedy absence.

Ruff. Command your Maids absence, I shall tell you all.

Turn. My Maid! Heav'n's forbid! A Man in the Room, and my Maid go out, not for the World! I believe you have some design upon me, and have set your Companions to watch their opportunity to enter when no body's here but us, so to force me to Marry you for safety of my Reputation; but I'll assure you I shall be more cautious.

Ruff. Madam, your fears are vain — I adore you — And I dare tell you, I merit you now — since I am Valiant. You said, you found my want of Valour the greatest barr to my happiness.
Alas,

Alas, alas, Madam, Cowardize was A humour I only put on for a time ; but you shall hear suddenly such things — la, la, la, — will you let your Maid with-draw ? Upon my Honour, and by my budding Glory, I have no design, but to let you know I merit you — I merit you, that's a bold word, I gad, but I dare say it, la, la, la.

Turn. Peg, go down, but be sure to be within hearing, should I call.

[Exit Peg.]

Sir, you see what hazzards I run to give you satisfaction ; I'm afraid you'll Interpret this to too much inclination in me, and I wou'd not that for the World.

Ruff. Madam, you need not fear censure for your favouring me, I tell you I deserve it, for I am Valiant. You know *Townlove*, don't you ?

Turn. Yes, Sir, what then ?

Ruff. A very brave Fellow that — And *will Merry* too ; I have seen e'm both Visit you — And brave Fellows both ; by Heav'n's, Madam, they are, as any walks the streets.

Turn. I ne're heard otherways : But what then ?

Ruff. What then ? I say, damme, blood, should any Bully Rock of e'm all but say, or think *Townlove* or *Merry* are not as brave Men as Live, I would send the lye down their Throats with my double fists, that I wou'd ; *Townlove* or *Merry* not brave ! I laugh at that, la, la, la.

Turn. But good Sir, to the bus'ness.

Ruff. Why, that's to the bus'ness, Madam, I tell you they are Gallant, Brave Fellows, and they know one shall be nameless, that's my self, as brave as either of them, ask e'm when you see e'm, how I swing'd a couple of Bullys last Night ; la, la, la. Ask e'm, I say, they'll tell you how I dusted e'm about when they were both drawn upon me at once ; I seag'd e'm i' faith, they both saw it ; two on e'm at a time, Madam, won their Money, made meer bubbles of e'm, and when I ha'l done, kickt e'm, and turn'd e'm down stairs ; la, la, la, at the *Rose Tavern* : How like you that, Madam ?

Turn. Truly, Sir, I am glad you got no hurt, for I Love a Valiant Man, and should be sorry he should get hurt by his Courage. But, Sir, if this be all the bus'ness, you might have staid telling it till after Dinner.

Ruff. All,

Ruff. All, Madam, 'tis not half; this is only what *Townlove* and *Merry* saw: All, all, say you? Alas, alas, I am to Fight a Duel this Morning in Hide-Park, at six of the Clock, with a Man as Valiant as twenty such as they, that's it: I tell you, Madam, this is truth, and therefore, not knowing how Fate will dispose of this Body, I come to assure you my Soul is yours, go where it will.

Turn. I find I'm over-come by your worth, it must not be, do not Fight; you say your Soul is mine, then do not take it from me, I will not let you Fight.

Ruff. Alas, Madam, it can't be helpt — My Honour, my Honour, think o'th' that; la, la, la, I tell you my Honour is dearer to me than my Life.

Turn. Or mine either I see; O cruel Man, was it with design to kill me you came this Morning? Alas, 'tis five a Clock already, and six, you say's, the hour. Oh, do not go, stay here with me, I'll say I lockt you up.

Ruff. Madam, 'tis all in vain, your tears are all in vain; my Honour calls me forth, if I be slain, as chance of War is doubtful, think sometimes of poor *Ruffle*.

Turn. Ah, do not think of dying yet, do not go.

Ruff. Honour, Madam, Honour; think of that: Farewel.

[Exit.]

Enter Townlove.

Town. What the Devil doth the Rogue mean? Not one word of all his beating of two Men in our Company is true; he lay vapouring of his having kickt a Man, to *Will Merry*, and he believ'd it, but could not perswade me to be of his Faith, though I believe there may be something in the latter part of the Story.

Turn. Let him be hang'd, he is not worth concerning our selves about him, prethee Dear, let's to Bed.

Town. Nay, I am confident he'll secure himself from any danger but dry beating, or kicking, and therefore he shall be no part of my care.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Sir, Mr. Merry must speak with you.

Town. Bid him come up; what's his bus'ness, I wonder?

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Merry.

Mer. Good Morrow, Madam. What, han't you been in Bed yet, *Townlove*? I see you mighty mannagers of Misses, that seem so industrious and eager to be at e'm are as long a getting into the Saddle when you have the Bridle in your hand, as Men lels profess in the vaulting Trade.

Turn. Troth, Mr. *Merry*, I could chide you heartily for keeping Mr. *Townlove* out all Night, when he had promised me he would come.

Mer. Faith, you'll have greater Reason to chide, when I must take him from you presently: Come, prethee *Townlove*, dress, I have business with you, your Ear —

Turn. I wish, Mr. *Merry*, you were Married once, then I hope you will be tam'd, and let Mr. *Townlove* sleep in his Bed quietly.

Town. I'm sorry for it, I'll slip on my Coat; (help me, *Peg*,) and go with you.

Mer. Faith, Madam, I don't believe you with his business should be to sleep quietly in Bed.

Turn. Troth, Sir, one good turn is, you scarce know what Women wish.

Town. But, *Will Merry*, here hath been *Ruffle*, and told such damn'd lyes to *Turnup* of his Valour; that you ne're heard the like; and quotes you and I for Vouchers.

Mer. Dam him, for an unreclaimable Coward, he did nothing but huff when you were gone, because *Ned Rash* seem'd to take his part; and when I believing him Valiant, would have took him to task, he prov'd the same sneaking thing he always was.

Turn. He tells me he is to fight this Morning at six.

Mer. Faith, may be he might mistake a Man, and give a Challenge, but I'll secure him from fighting.

Town. There's something comes in my Head; where are your Fiddles, *Merry*?

Mer. At the *Rose* I left e'm, and bid e'm stay for me.

Town. *Turnup*, we'll send e'm to you, and give e'm such Instructions, that 'tis ten to one they shall play up your Wedding Dinner to Day.

Turn. Faith, dear *Townlove*, I had rather Live as I do.

Mer. Gad,

Mer. Gad, Gidle, I like thee for this; refuse a thousand pounds a year for Love of a Rascal, that will ne're Marry thee.

Turn. I Love Mr. *Townlove* too well, to desire to Marry him, if he was such a Fool to have me; now all our pleasures come freely, but when they once are our Duties, 'twou'd go so against the hair; no, I'll ne're marry a Man I Love.

Mer. This is the prettiest sort of new Philosophy in Love; right *Descartes*, it depends all upon motion. Why, what wou'd *Lucrece*, *Cornelia*, and the rest of the Ancient Husband Lovets say; did they see these dayes?

Town. Why, *Merry*, no doubt but they would be converted to Love for delight, and Marry for conveniency, as *Turnup* here shall do, therefore I charge you mannage your business so, as I may salute you the next time I see you, by the Name of *Ruffle*.

Turn. Well, *Townlove*, I did not think you would have left me so soon; but I will do what you bid me, to shew you that I can Love better than you in disposing of my self, that you may get a new Mistress, for I know there's your aim.

Mer. A gallant Trade, let me be hang'd else.

Town. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene a Chamber.

Enter Betty and Honour.

Hon. Was e're so cross a mischief known? I'm confident Mr. *Merry* meant nothing but mirth.

Betty. 'Twas that untimely mirth, to which we owe all this distraction; Curse on his Revels, and may he be condemn'd ne're to take Rest that hath by this Nights waking, rob'd me, I fear, of quiet during Life.

Hon. Madam, me-thinks you are too passionate, and something like your Brother, to whom in Justice you should impute all mischief that shall happen; for I'm sure it was his onely fault these Quarrels ris.

Betty. 'Tis you are passionate, and blinded too by your concerns
for

for Merry; he, I say, who, could he keep his Bed, and leave his Fooling, wou'd not be Author of so many broyls his drunkenness must daily now occasion.

Hon. This Language, Madam, better would beseem your Land-Lady, when in a high concern for tother farthing Candle, she wou'd rate your Foot-man for the evil hours he keeps. To tax a Gentleman with Drunkenness, is proper for no mouth but such a one as makes the loudest noise in crying Oysters.

Betty. Oh, that we both were Men but for an hour, and all the Quarrel ours, though bound to end it with our Lives.

Hon. I cannot wish to leave the World so soon, since there is something in it I must like, in spite of all detraction. But truly, Madam, I could hazard much against the Sister of that Man I know attempts my Brother's Life.

Betty. Your Brother (Oh, that I live to say it) caus'd that Quarrel, as you do this; 'twas he that sent the Challenge.

Hon. 'Tis likely then, he had occasion for it.

Betty. Oh, yes, occasion; he could not sure want that, since I'm his Mistress; one he fain would break with, and wants a fit pretence; but sure he need not have gone so far about, for I believe he ne're had mighty cause to think I doted.

Hon. No, Madam, to deal freely, I've observ'd your Pride still struggled with your Inclination; yet had he not been blinded by his Passion, he might have seen through all your scorns a likeing.

Bet. Ill-temper'd Maid, thus to abuse my Patience: Oh, for two Swords, that Women, though we are, we yet might try whether our feeble Arms were wholly wanting to our Active spleens.

Hon. Your wish so hearty seems, it wou'd be pity you should not have it granted; and I find your braves have so dispers'd all fear in me, that I as much do long to try this fighting, as you can seem to do; stay but a little, I soon can find two Swords. [Exit Hon.]

Betty. Do't then, and if I don't soon make you feel th' effects of Anger, though by weakness backt, then let me be despis'd by all that Love me. [Enter Honour with Swords.]

Hon. Here are the Swords.

Betty. Come, give me one, I long to see it drawn.

Hon. Nay, stay, you shannot have the longest; there, take that.

Betty. Let me feel the point — 'tis sharp, I warrant you I'll make it enter.

Hon. Enter where? I hope you do not mean to kill me.

Betty. Come, come, lets fight; what, Weapons in our hands, and spend our time in talking.

Enter Rose, and draws.

Rose. Hey day, what's here, two Women-Duellers? Some fighting Planet Reigns to day sure: Ladies, 'tis very pretty, you that should be Active in making Peace between your Brothers, are practising the Art to be their Seconds. Me-thinks a naked Weapon, with so sharp a point, is not very proper for your Ladyships hand, pray let me take it from you.

Betty. I beg your pardon, Sir, 'tis not so easie to take a Sword from me, as you imagine.

Rose. But I'll assure you, Lady, I must prevent all fighting, 'tis my business; therefore relate the Quarrel, that I may make you Friends.

Betty. No Relations, Sir; our Quarrels Love and Honour, that's enough.

Rose. Enough, say you? I, to set the whole World together by the Ears, or to make e'm Friends again either: Love and Honour are the two great Wheels, on which all business moves. The Tradesman Cheats you upon his Honour, and like a Lord swears by that, but that he particularly loves you, you should not have it so. No Tragedy, Comedy, Farse, Demi-Farse, or Song now adayes, but is full of Love and Honour: Your Coffe-drinking-Crop-ear'd-Little Banded-Secretary, that pretends not to know more of Honour than it's Name, will out of abundance of Love be still sighing and groaning for the Honour of the Nation. Nay, the Lady, that for Impudence sake hides her Face behind a Vizzard, will protest in taking the mollifying Guinney, that it is not that, but the confidence she hath that the Gallant will be careful of her Honour, and because she loves him, that makes her bestow so considerable a Pox upon him: And therefore, Ladies, if Love and Honour be the motive of your unusual Valour, 'tis ten to one you may do wonders with your Weapons without going to Fencing Schools.

Hon. Come, prethee, *Rose*, leave Fooling, and tell us in what posture

posture our unlucky affairs are, for I am more for that, than for fighting.

Betty. *Rose*, said you?

Rose. Yes, the very same, at your Ladyships Service, though very unable, you'll say, to do much.

Betty. Prethee, how comes this Disguise?

Rose. To play the part of a right Town Gallant, raise Quarrels, and then prevent them by Discovery, this is the way most Men find to Honour now adayes; the Quarrel is begun with Son of a Whore, you Lye, or a box on the Ear, slight matters, not able to provoke heat of Blood enough to fight presently, but the formal Challenge must follow, the Seconds must confer, and the Swords be measur'd in order to a meeting the next Morning in the Field; which none of the four but thinks himself bound by the Religious Rules of self-preservation to prevent, and therefore each whispers the matter to one of his best Friends at least, and the Devil's in't, if none of them will find one that loves him so well to rise a little earlier, to fetch a Guard to prevent all. And you must think they are soon made Friends, their meek Dove-like Honour being safe.

Hon. I never discover'd talking to be the Crime of our Sex before: I thought it had been a scandal placed upon us, but I see now 'tis true; for I never heard so many words to so little purpose from one that wore a pair of Breeches in my Life. Prethee, *Rose*, leave this talkative humour, and tell me how matters stand.

Rose. Why, Ladies both, they stand as you would have e'm stand; therefore do but prepare your selves to go whither I will conduct you, if you are not thoroughly pleas'd with their standing before to Morrow Morning, let *Rose* be condemn'd never to have to do with any thing within a pair of Breeches again.

Hon. Well, *Rose*, I will believe 'tis thy Morning's draught makes thy Tongue run thus wildly, pray heav'n it be'nt before thy wit.

Rose. No fears, Madam, though I must tell you Mr. Merry has receiv'd a Challenge this morning as well as the rest.

Hon. He Challeng'd! By whom, dear *Rose*, tell me:

Rose. No, I should talk too much, should I tell you; I will have a care of running into that error again.

Hon. Cruel Wench, to put me in a fright thus.

Betty. I am glad to see you punisht with your fears for *Merry's* safety, me-thinks through all your scorns, was he but hear, he might discern a liking.

Hon. 'Tis true, I did deserve your Anger, Madam, for urging that of which my self was guilty; but pardon me, I hope this falling out will but confirm our Friendships.

Betty. I doubt it not, if *Rose* makes good her word.

[*Throw away their Swords.*]

Rose. Why brave, if faith, you're Bully Rocks exactly, and know to the splinter of a hair when to draw, and when to put up with Honour; Masquerading must needs go on, when Women practice the substantial't part of Man, that's drawing Naked Weapons. But come, a Coach waits at the Door to convey you where you may have opportunity to try your Courages a safer way, though I will not affirm without Blood-shed.

Hon. Thou art run stark mad, *Rose.*

Betty. And we, I fear, are as mad, to believe any thing she saith.

Rose. But if you believe not me, go where you may trust your senses, I hope hearing and seeing, or at least, the most excellent sense feeling will be trusted by you.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene Hide-Park.

Enter Ruffle alone.

Ruff. He is not come, I see; saith two to one he dares not: For I have seen many man with as fighting a Face, and as apt to throw a Tobacco-pipe too, that hath been as backwards when matters have come to the push as men of easier fleam; I, gad, I hope this will prove a lucky Adventure, but then I might have sav'd the money I am to give *Breef* and *Fullam* for prevention; a plague on't, that we heartless men can't know one another by sympathy, 'tis true, by experience on my self; I can give a pretty near guess, and therefore I never hear a man that's apt to speak ill of others behind their backs under the Seal of secrecy, or that enquires for mens Names that are Cowards, to report them so in all Companies they come in, or that

is alwayes drawing a Sword, to talk of fancying a pass, or that never sees a pale, young, or sickly Face, but he makes it red with blushing at the abuses he puts upon it, or indeed one that seems alwayes so big with Valour, that by Hectoring, huffing, talking of Duels, and breaking Drawers pates, doth, as it were, cry out to be deliver'd of this Tympany of Courage — S'blood, what's that comes yonder? By heav'n's my man — And no sight of my hirelings — No where to get out of sight till they appear — No, 'tis impossible but he sees me: What the Devil shall I do — I think I had best fall to Queries about the Quarrel — a way many a Young Gallant hath prevented the pinking his Doublet by — Ne're stir, me-thinks the danger makes me think I dare fight; I, gad, I'll do't; hang it, it is but dying, and that I must do at last in spight of my teeth.

Enter Muchland.

Much. Sir, I see your Anger hath made you get the start, both of the hour and me; 'tis hardly fix.

Ruff. Your provocation made it seem so to me an hour ago — and I do wonder —

Much. Let's not lose more time in talking then, the dispatch I intend with my Sword shall make amends for the time you lost by staying.

Ruff. Sir, I'm ignorant who is your Taylor, and therefore might enquire with what he lynes your Cloaths.

Much. You have reason, Sir, I think our Shirts an't proof.

Ruff. I think we had best to strip then, not that I doubt your Honour, Sir.

[Both stripping.]

Much. That's as you please, Sir, it must relye on proof.

Ruff. Sure I dare fight — the Spirit comes upon me: And this Gentleman seems so careless of it, that I believe there's not that danger in fighting: I once thought — but wou'd the Rogues would come though.

Much. Sir, are you ready?

Ruff. Almost, Sir, a cursed Band-string hampers my Button so, I can't undo't.

Much. Shall I help you?

Ruff. No, Sir — Gad, they're coming — [Aside, I've e

I've done it; come, Sir; but what two men are yonder?

Much. Some to prevent us, I dare lay my Life, they run so fast; but let's make haste, we may out-do their diligence.

Ruff. I hope we may.

Within. Hold, Mr. *Ruffle*, you are a dead Man else.

They fight, Ruffle parries and traverses. Enter Fullam and Breef.

Ful. Sir, we beg your pardon, we came no sooner to your Rescue. [To *Muchland*.

Breef. But we are glad our Swords were not wholly prevented from serving you.

Much. Gentlemen, what mean you to excuse your absence so long, since I could with the courtesie had still continued.

Ful. We cannot blame you to be a little Angry, since we were not so diligent in performing our words as we promis'd.

Much. What words? What promise? Gentlemen, I never saw you before in my Life, as I know of.

Breef. What, Sir, not at the *Rose* Tavern this morning, when we engag'd our words to do you Service against this Gentleman, as we are ready, then let us use no time, for yonder's Company.

Much. Sir, give me leave to tell you, y'are both Villains, that would contrive the murder of my Honour, a thing much dearer to me than my Life; therefore, Sir, as you are a Gentleman, joyn, but and drive these Rascals from our sight, or from the World, and then we'll fight in quiet. [To *Ruffle*.

Ruff. Your Dialogue is too mysterious, Sir, for me to mix with; therefore stand off, if I'm ordain'd to dye now, none shall say I did not sell my Life at Honours utmost rate, then do your worst, this Tree shall guard my Back, and this my Face.

Ful. Come, Sir, fall on, and let's dispatch him quickly.

Much. I'm here against you both: If you be Thieves, come, kill me first, then do the like by him, and take our plunder; but I am resolv'd no fear shall let you take my Honour from me.

Breef. Sir, what do you mean? You carry things too far.

Ruff. Come, do your worst; why so long a joyning?

Much. Oh heavens, what Fate is this? [Enter *Souldiers*.

Officer. Put up your Swords, and come along with us; must we be alwayes plagu'd with your rash Quarrels?

Much. Sir

Much. Sir, as you're a Gentleman.

Officer. No talking, Sir, to us; our Captain, perhaps, will hear you speak. [Exeunt.]

The Fifth Act.

Scene the Park.

Enter Sharp, Merry, and Townlove.

Sharp. Since we are met, I see there is a necessity of opening our minds one to another before we can part: Faith, say, is not your business fighting?

Mer. I'm afraid it will prove so ere we go home, though considering every thing, I had much rather have walk'd abroad so early a Simpling, to gather herbs for a Dyet-drink, and took it when I had done; though it be the Liquor of all others I most abhor.

Sharp. I must confess I am here on the like Errand, and should be loath to be prevented, though how we shall save our Reputations to our several Adversaries when they find us together, I am to seek; nor is it reason for either to desire the Field, should be cleared by the other.

Town. I'll make a proposition; you shall declare to each other the men you are to meet, then I will be upon the Scout, and give notice who approaches first, on which the other shall withdraw.

Rash. I like the proposition well; what say you, *Merry*?

Mer. The Gentleman I am to deal with, is one I would rather compose than fight with, and having little or no occasion for the Quarrel, I hope to give Reasons may end the business without noise, and therefore would be glad to spare Names.

Sharp. There can be little occasion for that caution, since, I suppose, we are all too much Gentlemen, to be thought bablers; and

to shew I have reserves, notwithstanding I know your pretences; Mr. *Merry*, I dare tell you, 'tis Mr. *Muchland* I stay for.

Mer. Mr. *Muchland* ! By what motives do you stay for him ?

Sharp. Mov'd by a formal Challenge, sent in writing, to meet him singly here : But who's your Man ?

Mer. I beg your pardon, I have reasons force me to conceal his Name. But you surprize me much, and though I know that words went high between you, I ne're thought they could have mov'd a Challenge : Pray, Sir, who brought it ?

Sharp. Your cautious dealing teaches me the same, though, I confess, too late.

Town. I've no such Obligations ; and since I see there's something foul in this, I will not spare to say, 'tis by Mr. *Muchland's* appointment we are likewise here now ; and I am sorry to see, that Challenging two Men together to one place, his Courage dare meet neither.

Mer. *Townlove*, don't wrong a Man you never try'd.

Town. He that seeks further tryal let him find it, I'm satisfied, if words will fright a Man, he shan't want them from him ; but prethee tell, what Man did bring thy Challenge ?

Sharp. One of those Gentlemen we met i'th' street ; he that durst drink.

Mer. The same that came to me ; 'tis plain, they do but Jest, and sent us hither only to laugh at us.

Rash. My Temper's not so pleasant to find out Jest in formal Challenges.

Mer. Nor mine so sower, but I can take for Jest all that is meant so.

Town. All that occurs to me on the whole matter, is this, that we may all go back again, and wait his Explanation of the Riddle.

Enter a Guard.

Officer. Come, Gentlemen, deliver up your Swords, you'll have nouse of e'm, it seems, to day.

Rash. I pray Sir, what's the matter ?

Officer. We are sent to prevent the Duel you are come about.

Town. It seem we came about no Duel, Sir, and you may spare your pains.

Officer. You

Officer. You are merry, Sir, but we must do our Duty; then give us up your Swords.

Rash. I think that is not usual, and I should be loath to make a president of delivering my Sword before 'tis forc'd away.

Officer. If you will give your words to go with us, you then may wear your Swords.

Mer. Where is it we must go?

Officer. The back way to the Mulberry-Garden; they who employ'd us wait our coming thither: But we want another, they said we should find four.

Town. It was a needless caution in e'm, be who they will; for that fourth man you speak of is as good as forty Guards at preventing Duels.

Mer. Come, go on, we'll be your Peaceful Prisoners, though you permit our Swords.

Officer. Sir, 'tis enough; march on.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene Mulberry-Garden.

Enter Honour, Betty, and Rose.

Rose. I am surpriz'd extreamly, here is a Guard hath brought in four Gentlemen already they took Actively fighting, as they say, and Mr. *Muchland's* one, I saw him through the Door.

Betty. This is your diligence, good Mrs. *Rose*, you have undone us, for if they've fought, they then will ne're be Friends.

Hon. What a Fool was I to trust so weighty a concern to the conduct of a wanton, hare-brain'd VVench.

Betty. Ne're stir, *Rose*, compose all matters, as you promis'd, or you shall find what 'tis to raise my expectation high, and then to fool me.

Hon. 'Tis not your wanton Jests shall bring you off, I'll swear you shan't Live with me a day longer, if you fail your promise.

Rose. Hey day, will you but give me leave to speak; you're as pettish both of you as two Puritan Sisters, condemn'd to dye Maids, the greatest Curse accounted by the Saints of our Reformation that can be.

K

Hon. What

Hon. What can you say? Flam us off with some untoward Jest; no, forsooth, that shall not serve your turn.

Rose. I don't intend it shall, have but patience, that I may go and mix in Company with these same Duellers, if I don't set all things right again, let me be discarded by your Ladyship, and bound to fight a Duel with yours.

Betty. Let's see the effects of your promises quickly, or the Duel you speak of may prove a sharper then you believe.

Rose. If the Guard I have sent out catch any Quarry, let them keep e'm close in some Room till I return.

Hon. It shall be done, but let us have no more failings on your part. [Exeunt.

Enter Muchland, first Officer, Fullam, and Breef.

Much. By a Woman's directions, it seems, you surpriz'd us, and she's a Friend of *Ruffle's*.

1. Officer. Yes, Sir, and they're together; I believe they will Marry, for a Parson is sent for.

Much. You seem a Man of Reason; your Ear.

Ful. This *Ruffle* will cheat us of what he promis'd, for he told me just now we came too late, and that the danger was past, he being forced to fight e're we Reliev'd him.

Breef. He curst and swore when I but spoke to him, and told me he would have me tost in a Blanket if I but mention'd money to him. Nay, he swore damn him, if in the humour he was in, he could not have beat us all three. And I believe he is Valiant, for we, you know, found him stript and fighting.

Ful. But he parryed and travers'd damnably fast, and I'm convinc'd by Experience, that all Men who draw Swords are not Valiant; and that the Disease of Cowardise, when once proof against the Physick of beating, as his oft hath been, is incurable.

Breef. I cannot tell, but if we were once well off with what we got to Night, I would forgive him my Mornings hire.

Ful. I'm of your mind for that, I could admit of an easie excuse to be going.

1. Officer. Sir, you have satisfied me, and 'tis but reason; I'll take care you shannot be disturb'd. [Exit Officer.

Much. Gentlemen, my Old Acquaintance, and very good Friends

Friends that I never saw before, what motives had you to use me as you did i'th' Field just now?

Ful. Use you, how did we use you? Were not we civil in taking of your part? Damme, what wou'd you be at?

Much. No huffing, Rascals, that will not do with me, I'm none of those — Come, tell me presently what made [*Draws.* you interest your selves in my concerns with such a lye to back it, as if I had employ'd you? Come, Sir, speak.

Ful. Very pretty: *Breef*, didst ever see the like? The Gallant knows us both for men of Honour, he durst not else provoke two of us thus.

Much. Men of Honour i'th' Devils Name: A pair of Curs in couples are not more tame, nor readier for a beating; you huffing Rascal, answer, what made you do't?

Ful. This is unsufferable, I am a Gentleman, and therefore do require satisfaction for this abuse; meet me singly with your Sword then to morrow morning at the place where I sav'd your Life and Honour both to day.

Much. Town tricks right; I'll try you first how far a Cudgel will provoke your passion. [*Exit Muchland, and bolts the Door.*

Breef. What shall we do, he hath lock'd the Door, or else we might have got *Ruffle* to take our parts.

Ful. Gad, let's both draw, and try to keep him off till the Guard hears.

Breef. Hang't, that won't do; I see he's one of those that count their Honour dearer then their Lives; and Hell, Damnation, the Devil and all are not able to fright them from fighting when they are set on't. And though by my manner of Living I should fear Hell as little as any Man, yet I could never perswade my self to be ready to dye, neither by Sword nor Hanging, one of which usually follows the fighting of Men that Live in publick fame as I do.

Ful. Why then let's resolve to suffer bravely, 'tis but a beating he'll give us, and he'll soon give over the Cudgel, if he be a Man of Honour as thou think'st he is.

Breef. I, but he is a Man of Countrey Honour, and they go a great way farther in beating a Man then your City Man of Honour doth. Alas, I know e'm both, the one is contented to give the

single Battoon of disgrace, but the tother ne're thinks it enough till he makes your skin o'th' colour of your hair. I am for down-right confessing all.

Ful. That's worse by half, for then we fall under the Revenge of *Ruffle*, and nothing like being in the power of an intraged Coward.
[Enter Muchland with two Cudgels.

Breef. He comes, oh, heart, heart, hold breaking.

Much. Come, Gallants, I should be loath to make use of these edgeless Weapons, therefore confess, and save me and your selves the trouble.

Ful. S'death, Sir, I hope you do not intend to be rude to Gentlemen in Custody; you know we are Prisoners, or else ———

Much. Or else you would run away, therefore I'll begin with you. [Beats Fullam:

Ful. What do you mean, Sir ——— Damme, this must not pass — Revenge must follow ——— assure your self it must ———

Much. I do consider that, and will give you a little thinking time, whilst I exercise your Comerade.

Breef. Good Sir, be civil, you know I han't gave you a word to displease you. [Beats him.

Much. Confess, Sir, then; confess.

Breef. Hold, good Sir, and I will.

Ful. Cowardly Rascal; what, dost fear a beating?

Much. Pray valiant Sir, stand by: Come, Sir, your story.

Breef. Sir, we were hir'd by Mr. *Ruffle* to come into the Field, and seem to take your part, to get him Honour.

Much. What say you, Sir? Is this story true?

Ful. Yes, 'tis a truth, but I'd have sooner dy'd then told it you. Our, you hen-hearted Coward.

Much. Go, Sirrah, and kick him for calling you Coward.

Ful. Gad, I wou'd he durst.

Much. Do't, or I'll Bastinado you } *Breef takes up a stick, and*
again. } *goes to beat Fullam, who takes*

Ful. Gad, I'll teach you to strike } *up another, and worsts him.*
me, you Cowardly Rogue.

Much. So, well done; now we shall soon be Friends.

Ful. Friends, Sir; no, Gad, I'll no Friendship with you.

Enter.

Enter first Officer and Rose.

1. *Officer.* This Gentleman's importunity hath forc'd me to introduce him to you.

Much. He's truly welcome.

Rose. Sir, I am much surprized to find you here.

Much. You have reason for your wonder, but will not have so long, when I shall tell you the cause of my surprisal, but now I have not time, I must desire you to haste into the Park to find out Mr. *Sharp*, and bring him hither, my Honour else may suffer.

Rose. I shall obey you, and return presently. [Exit *Rose*.]

Much. Come, my most excellent brace of Spanniels, you must go and witness what you've said.

Ful. I'll witness nothing, not I.

1. *Officer.* Come, Sir, no muttering; march. [Exeunt.]

Enter Honour, Betty, and second Officer.

2. *Officer.* The Gentlemen we have taken, call themselves *Rash*, *Merry*, and *Townlove*.

Betty. You have done well; keep e'm upon your Lives.

2. *Officer.* Ne're fear it, Madam, they are safe enough.

[Exit second Officer.]

Betty. We're sure by this 'tis none of them that fought with Mr. *Muchland*. [Enter *Rose*.]

Hon. No, that matter's plain, and I begin to guess the Man; but here comes *Rose* will tell all. Oh, excellent *Rose*, thy Guard of new-made Red-Coats have done their business bravely; they've brought in *Merry*, *Rash*, and *Townlove*.

Rose. I, now 'tis excellent *Rose*; but by and by you'll call me long-tong'd, shallow-pate again: I am so elevated with the success of my business, that like a new-made Bishop, I could appear extremely grave and moody.

Betty. Nay, *Rose*, no stop of thy Industry for this favour of Fortune, for should she frown again, thy condition, like a disgrac'd Favourites, would be more subject to oppression, then if never she had smil'd upon thee.

Rose. I faith, I believe you, for 'tis not the well-contriv'd project, but the successful one is commended; and therefore I'll go on to projection. Step into that Closet there. [Exeunt *Betty* and *Hon.*]

Officer, bring in your Prisoners.

Enter

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Enter second Officer, with Rash, Merry, and Townlove.

Gentlemen, you are welcome to the Mulberry-Garden.

Rash. You'll have our thanks, Sir, as we find our usage.

Rose. It cannot well be worse then what I suffer'd at our first meeting, Sir.

Rash. Come, to the business, Sir; what wou'd you with us?

Rose. By your demand you almost make me think I am your Prisoner, but I must have other Language from you e're we part.

Mer. Sir, you need use little ceremony in what you mean to do; your Souldiers, if you command them, took us in the Field, you know as well as we why we were there.

Town. And there may come a time you may account for it.

Rose. No threatning, Sir, for you are least concern'd, and since I am resolv'd to examine you apart, you shall be the first I'll talk with. Officer, put that Gentleman into that Room, } *Puts Merry into Ho-*
take that along with you, and leave this angry } *nour and Betty.*

Man for me to talk with. [*Exeunt all but Rose and Townlove.*

Town. Well, Sir, and what's all this for?

Rose. You told me once to day, you wisht my Friendship.

Town. I did so, when I took you for a Man of Honour, but now I see you're none, I slight your Friendship.

Rose. In what don't I appear the same Man still?

Town. You carry Challenges basely intermixt, and yet prevent all fighting by making us Prisoners, and use us too as 't were for Crimes of State we were Committed.

Rose. High accusations, and with much Anger urg'd; but suppose *Rose* should like the proposition you made her to day, and that I had been the main Instrument to bring it about, would you not be pleas'd with me then?

Town. No, faith, should I not; for I believe if so, she's but your leavings, and I'd be loath to keep her on those terms.

Rose. I will not say, but I know whether *Rose* be a Man or a Woman: But what then? I dare be sworn for her no Man else doth; then why so coy? I do believe you have kept worse on worse Commendations.

Town. That's no matter, I took e'm from better Friends then; but to the business, Sir, and then dismiss me.

Rose. You're

Rose. You're at the business now ; I'm *Rose* her self.

Town. The Devil thou art ; but now I look on thee better, 'tis thee ; but what Gallant was he with you, *Rose* ? I'm afraid you are pre-engaged.

Rose. It was a Woman too ; no more of that, I'll tell you all anon : Why an't you furious, appoint the place to meet in for our Duel ? I know you'll Challenge me.

Town. I, to a Bed, dear *Rose* ; that, that's the place we'll meet in.

Rose. Soft and fair, two words more to that bargain ; your present business is to take up Quarrels, for Mr. *Merry's* is ended I do believe by this ; don't seem to know me, nor nothing of the frolick to my Lady, as you love me ; she's here, and *Rashes* Sister with her.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Muchland, Ruffle, Breef, and Fullam.

Ruff. Upon my Honour all they say is false, and you may think so by what they've done : Take beaten Rascals words, they speak for fear.

Much. I would be glad to think so.

Ruff. And I'll convince you presently ; lend me your Cudgel.

[*He goeth to beat Fullam.*

Ful. What do you mean, Mr. *Ruffle* ? As I'm a Gentleman, do what he could, I never would confels.

Ruff. Then was it you that said it, Villain ?

Breef. I must confels my frailty ; it was I.

Ruff. Oh, was it so ?

[*Beats him.*

Breef. But he confirm'd it too.

Ruff. Then he shall have it too.

[*Beats tother.*

Ful. Hold, hold, good Sir, hold.

Ruff. Did I then hire you to it ?

Ful. No, Sir, I say, and swore it too before.

Ruff. What say you, Rascal ?

Breef. Truly I cannot tell ; I think you did not.

Ruff. You see what Rogues are here.

Much. I'm satisfied, and therefore let e'm go.

[*Exeunt Fullam and Breef.*

Ruff. What do you mean, Sir ?

[*Muchland locks the Door.*

Much. To

Much. To end this matter now, and since these Rogues have plac'd a scandal on you, wipe it off; come, to your Sword.

Ruff. Sir, I'm new Married, and will not fight to day.

Much. Oh, the multitude of several sorts of Cowards there are in the World! Come, without more ado, confess your self one.

Ruff. Confess my self a Coward, that's pretty, i'faith; have not you seen me meet you in the Field, fight you, beat these Rascals for traducing me, and yet confess my self a Coward, because I don't think it proper to fight on my Wedding-day? A very modest proposition. No, Sir, I'd have you know, this is a day of Joy, I have Married a Lady worth thousands, besides, for Beauty, Virtue, and good Breeding, I'll desire you to march her between the Tower and Westminster-Hall. She it was, that hearing of our Quarrel, sent the Guard to surprize us; and shall I wrong the Love of so Excellent a Lady for your humour? Damme, Blood, you make me mad that you do.

Much. I wish I could see the effects of it, but not to spend time in words, the case is this; either confess you hir'd those Fellows to come into the Field, that you likewise told your Wife that now is, of the Quarrel on purpose to be surpriz'd, and that you are a Coward, and dare not fight. And all this to be openly done before as many as I shall appoint to hear it, or prepare your self to dye, for that must be your Fate or mine before we part this Room.

Ruff. Tell me, Sir, do you think you Act now like a Man of Honour — Heav'ns, how Men mistake themselves; would you place this upon a Man that you thought durst fight? Tell me that, would you?

Much. No, Sir, I should not.

Ruff. there's it, and yet you hope to be counted a brave Man for this — Damme, Blood, if I could not find in my heart to break my Resolution of not Fighting to day, rather then suffer you to go away with it thus. But since my word was past before for not fighting (and 'tis the greatest part of Honour to keep that) I will humour you in tother: But, Sir, let it be done so, that it may not grieve my Wife; and write down the words that I must say, that there may be no new occasion for breach of Friendship between you and I.

Much. Well,

Much. Well, Sir, I shall do it. Who waits there? } *Opens the*
Bring a Pen and Ink to the next Room. } *Door.*

Enter Rose.

Rose. Sir, I have perform'd your Commands ; the Gentleman is in another Room.

Much. He shall soon see the occasion of my failing him.

[*Exit Muchland.*

Ruff. Sir, your most obedient Servant, you are a Friend of Mr. *Muchland's* here ; upon my Life a worthy Man he is : He and I have been merry together this Morning.

Rose. By the Guard that waits, I thought it had been otherways.

Ruff. You mean, you thought us fighting ; but that hinders no mirth, Men of Honour never fall out about that — though I could tell you, as a Friend of his, I was once desperately afraid I had kill'd him.

Rose. Why, did you Wound him, Sir ?

Ruff. No, but I'll tell you, he stood upon his Guard, as't might be thus ; and to speak truth, would not budge one foot, I'll say that for him ; I made a pass or two, as't might be thus ; he parryed, but I resolv'd to make an end on't quickly, seeing some People coming, therefore I made a through pass, and run my Sword to th' hilts.

Rose. In what ?

Ruff. In's shirt, it prov'd to be in's shirt ; but I, Gad, I was upon flying, if the Guard had not come and took us.

Rose. It seems there was no cause, having done him no hurt.

Ruff. I knew not that ; but I Gad, he's your Friend, preserve him so, for there breaths not a braver fellow, take that from me. But, Sir, upon your Honour speak not a word of this, I know he'll have you Spectator of a frolick we have agreed on ; 'tis that I will not have confidence to speak some words openly that he shall write, but I Gad, let e'm be as bad as they will, I'll speak e'm, let who will be by.

Enter Muchland.

Much. There are the words, look e'm over, I'll tell you when to speak e'm.

Ruff. Then if I do it not, take me and hang me.

[*Exeunt.*

L

Enter

Enter Merry, Townlove, Honour, Betty, and Rash.

Betty. Yes truly, Sir, the Gentleman that brought you the Challenge gave me notice of it, and had I not Reason to take the best care I could to prevent it?

Rash. They took care enough themselves, it seems.

Town. Faith, *Rash*, I had once as ill an Opinion of their proceedings as you, but now I am fully satisfied in every particular.

Mer. I am glad I out-went you both in true considering, for you know it would never out of my head, but that *Muchland* was all worth. Oh, the Excellent Advantages Men have by Wine! it leaves a certain Spirit in ones head, like that of Prophecie.

Rash. Like it indeed; Prophecie being a sort of madness, that fills the head, and intoxicates the Understanding, making Men speak abundance of things they neither believe themselves, nor any Body else, till something comes to pass by chance that they seem'd to fore-tell. And then oh, the wonder, as if they that fore-told what could not be prevented, were not altogether as useles Members to a Common-Wealth, as a sick Passenger at Sea is to a sinking Ship, when he bellows out between Praying and Swearing; God, we are all lost.

Mer. Prethee leave, I'm for no Morals, or long-winded simelies. Here comes the Lad I am for.

[*Enter Rose.*
One that understands his Glass, and makes himself and his Company merry without detracting from his absent, or satirising on his present Friend.

Town. Well, our little Projecter, how go matters? I could for thy sake turn Woodcock in the Play, and always be kissing.

[*Kisses Rose.*
Rose. If you stop my mouth thus, how shall I tell what you would know: But are you all agreed upon the matter?

Mer. Onely *Ned Rash* hath a little grumbling discontent towards you still.

Rose. I shall soon Cure that; come, you must go all of you to the Balcony, and there you shall see what Heroes Mr. *Muchland* hath been engag'd withal this Morning. And, Mr. *Rash*, if your Sister do not make Mr. *Muchland* and you, and I too Friends, before we part, I'll be condemn'd to sing Fortune my Foe in a Nunnery all dayes of my Life.

Town. In

Town. In a Nunnery! What have you to do with a Nunnery?

Rose. You say right indeed, for if the bargain go on you wot on, I should have little to do with a Nunnery, though I were condemn'd to wear Petticoats; but no more of those mistakes, but away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Muchland, Ruffle, Fullam, Breef, first Officer, and Guard.

Ruff. Gad, Mr. *Muchland*, the words are too severe, there is no enduring of e'm — let me leave out this Sentence: *And like a Cowardly Son of a whore as I am*: Look you, Sir, this is abusing of my Mother, and she had not the least hand in the Quarrel. What say you, Sir, is not this Reason?

Ful. Gad, Sir, I wou'd sooner dye then say it.

Much. You'l sooner be hang'd then dye, like a Cowardly Rascal as you are.

Ful. You may say what you will, but there are them in Town know me for another sort of Man I dare assure you.

Ruff. Then the Song, Mr. *Muchland*, you know that goeth beyond the bargain. [*Enter on one side all the Company, and Turnup.* What, all them, and my own dear Wife too. By Heav'ns I'll dye ten thousand Deaths before I'll do't. Your Servant, Gentlemen; your Servant, Ladies. A merry Crash hath hapned between Mr. *Muchland* and I; we are here Drolling one upon another: Gad, Mr. *Muchland*, if you had not the ill Nature of all the Justices in your whole Countrey, you would never urge me to it, I never will consent to read the Paper, and sing the Song too, that's flat.

Much. Well, on condition, you'll all of you sing, and Act the Song to the Life, I am contented you shall only deliver the Paper to Mr. *Rash*, and confess it to be all a truth.

Ruff. I'll do't, here's my hand on't; Mr. *Rash* is a worthy Gentleman, and knoweth me well enough: Come down, come down, I and these Gentlemen are to sing a mad Song to you.

[*Exeunt above.*]

Much. He that spares, either in kicking or cuffing, shall find me upon his back with this.

Ruff. Damme, if either of you kick, or strike me hard, I'll swinge you when we have done.

[*Aside To Ful. and Breef.*]

Breef. I'll warrant you, Sir.

Ful. I'll do as I see cause: *Breef*, have you a care of my Boyl you had best, or look to't.

Enter all below.

Much. Sir, I hope this Gentleman hath inform'd you with what resentments I intended to repair my Reputation, which I look'd upon as too deeply wounded for your self to excuse my silence in it, and likewise by what unlucky Accident I was prevented performing my appointment.

Rash. Sir, I've no cause left to doubt i'th' least your Honour, and do confess I was to blame in pressing you too far; for which I beg your pardon.

Much. Could I but hope this Ladies, you have mine.

Hon. Ne're fear it, Brother, we are both come thus far to be Married, if we had your consent, for I confess I am loath to go into the Countrey, and leave Mr. *Merry* unreclaim'd, for fear he should be occasion of some further Quarrel between you two.

Much. What say you, Madam, will you make good her word?

Betty. I to my Brother, Sir, refer the matter.

Rash. Then you are his; take, Sir, this Bond of Friendship.

Much. A Chain so strong, I hope can never break. Sister, I wish you happy in your Choice.

Ruff. Friends all, Friends all; why, this is fine i'faith: Now, *Muchland*, hang the Catch; come, pass it by.

Much. Not for the World: Come, the Wine there, and begin.

A Catch Sung by Ruffle, Breef, and Fullam: They in their turns, Drinking, Kicking, and Cuffing one the other at the words to that purpose.

Ruffle. **W**E are Gallants of the Town;
Men of sprightly Breeding:
If Oaths will do't, we run e'm down,
But never come to Bleeding.

Chor. We measure Swords, appoint the place, and thither do repair too;
But Drink, Huff, Kick, Cuff; this is all we dare do.

Fullam. *At Play-House we do count it brave
To have the Masques Acquaintance ;
'Gainst Wit and Sence we alwayes rave,
And call't insipid Non-sence.*

Chor. *we measure Swords, appoint the place, and thither do repair too ;
But Drink, Huff, Kick, Cuff ; this is all we dare do.*

Breef. *In Coffee-House we Battles fight,
And censure men of Honour ;
We swear that such a Ladies right,
And hath a Clap upon her.*

Chor. *we measure Swords, appoint the place, and thither do repair too ;
But Drink, Huff, Kick, Cuff ; this is all we dare do.*

Much. That's done like Men of Valour.

Ruff. Nay, Gad, I defie him that can say I fear.

Turn. Now you are all Friends, know, the Guard I made use of to secure you, are all Mr. *Merry's* Fiddles.

Much. I'm glad I did not know so much before, I should have broke their Prison, or their pates.

Rose. My Guard are something a Kin to yours, Men very expert in handling their Feet, if a Man may say so.

Mer. All this I see is a meer contrivance for a Dance ; let's, without any more ado, have it then. [Dance.]

Town. Come, Gallants, you think your business is done, but where's *Rose's* thanks ?

Mer. *Rose*, I, Gad, I ne're dream't o' that ; faith, *Rose*, thou and I'll empty a Bottle sometimes when thy Mistress is in Bed, since thou'rt so good at Drinking.

Town. No, good Sir, *Rose* is to set up in a better Imployment ; for now *Ruffle* hath got my Old Mistress, *Rose* shall succeed in her place.

Ruff. I got his Mistress, don't believe him, Dear, I ne're kept Miss in my Life.

Town. Sir, 'tis even so, but I give her to you freely ; she was true to me, and may prove so to you.

Ruff. How, Married to a Wench.

Ful. Joy be with you, Valiant Sir ; ha, ha.

Breef. Send you comfort of your Virtuous Lady ; ha, ha.

Ruff. Shall these Rogues laugh they cheated me of above three-score pounds to Night already ? Make e'm repay me that sum, I'll forgive all.

Much. We'll Dine together, and they shall pay the Reckoning.

Breef. Good Sir, las, 'tis all we have to trust to.

Ruff. No grumbling, Rascals, if you do, I'll swinge you : But, Gentlemen, be tender of my Honour, and I'll take all ; say nothing, I'll to my Estate in the Countrey, where I shall pass for as Valiant a Squire, and my Wife for as Virtuous a Lady as the best there.

Town. Well resolv'd on, and I assure you I'll not Visit your Lady when you are from Home, *Rose* and I will keep close together.

Hon. But, *Rose*, I hope you don't mean to take such courses.

Rose. No, Madam, you may be sure on't, Mr. *Townlove's* merry, and talks wildly, that's all ; if he and I keep Company, it shall be meerly in Friendship ; I would not for the World lose my Reputation with him, I hope you have all better thoughts of me.

Town. No, *Rose*, I'll warrant e'm thee and I will secure one anothers Reputations.

For want of Custom wonder doth produce,
And ills do lose that Name by frequent use.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

POets we justly may wit's Bubbles call;
For they to almost nothing venture all.
They with each Play their Reputations stake,
And ten to one, if good, it doth not take.
In those that do, that part you onely praise,
Which Comedians mimickry doth raise; }
So he, and not the Poet, gets the Bays. }
But if by Chance some Writer does Extort
From the World's Vogue a pretty good Report,
'Tis so allay'd by but why that or this,
That he might justly wish 'twas none of his.
Hard Fate! Have they alone! All men beside
Some Curtain still, their faults to hide.
States-men their Errors on their Agents lay;
'Tis Chance of War makes Souldiers lose a Day:
And your Physicians shame Death wipes away;
But every Fool finds faults in every Play.
Things being so, it cannot be deny'd,
But to be Poet is a man's blind side.
This is the cause why Active times produce
The fewest Writers for the Stages Use.
The world is busie now; and some dare say
We have not seen of late one good New Play.
And such believe Shakespear, long since in's Grave,
In choicest Lybraries a place will have.
When not a modern Play will scape the fire:
I beg their pardons who themselves admire.
Not but this Age hath many men as wise,
But wisely they this begging Art despise.
And two to one, was he alive this Day,
He'd have more wit, then e're to write a Play.
His Fruitful Brain would find Employment now;
Which Times of drowsie Peace did not allow;

Then

Then that you write not too, pray think your Fate,
Good lucky Poets, of your Sword and State:
And be not too severe on those that do,
For all you Play hath it's Spectators too.
'Mongst which there's some are Fools enough to blame
Our present War, the greatest Scene of Fame.
The best contriv'd, best lead, and bravest fought
Of all, in which England has Glory sought.
Yet if Cross winds, or Storms do make you miss
One Action, strait Fanatick Criticks hiss.
An Envious sort of Sots, like ours i'th' Pit;
Who having none, still rail at all have wit.
Our Author, though, is safe, and fears e'm not,
His Play pretends neither to Wit nor Plot;
But should you Damn it with your utmost spight,
When next he's idle, he again will write.

FINIS.





